9

THE HISTORY OF CHARLES the Eighth OF FRANCE, OR THE Invasion of *Naples* by the *French*.

As it is acted at his Highnesses the Duke of *York's* Theater.

Written by Mr. *Crowne*.

Honestum est secundis tertijsvè consistere. Qu.

LONDON,

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THE PROLOGUE

To King *Charles* the Eighth.

NOw the rough ſounds of War our ears invade,
Some think the Muſes ſhould retire to ſhade,
And there like mournful Birds with hanging wing,
Alone and ſad ſome doleful ditty ſing:
For now our Gallants all to Sea are gone,
Muſes as well as Miſſes are undone,
And both of 'um muſt to their grief allow,
They can expect but ſorry Trading now;
But though kind Miſs may ſit at home and whine
For ſome brisk airy Sir, that kept her fine;
Wit has not ſo much reaſon to complain,
And Wit no more then Beauty can abſtain.
Hot Engliſh *mettle muſt to working fall,*
And do for love e're they'l not do at all.
Let dull Dutch *ſilt over a ſmoaky Stove,*
Sit ſighing for the loſs of ſome fatt love;
Let frighted Burgers -------
Shut up their Shops, and to their Fate ſubmit,
Whilſt we keep ope' both Shops of Trade and Wit;
Whilſt our briſk Criticks are become their Fate,
And damn the Farce of their Mechanick State.
You gentle Sirs, that here behind remain,
We with a Martial Play will entertain;

You

You shall see VVars and Death as well as they,
But it shall be in a much safer way:
Nay, now their backs are turn'd we'l watch our time,
And be so bold to fight and die in Rhime;
For our dull Author swears he only aspires,
To please the City wives and Countrey Squires;
And all the sober audience of the Town,
Those of the long Robe and talking Gown,
VVith serious men of Trade, who well or ill,
Seldom good men protest a Poets Bill;
'Mongst whom all stuff does find such present vent,
VVe durst ensure our Playes at Three per Cent.
VVith these our Authors dull insipid Rhime,
He durst not have produce'd another time,
He hopes is safe, and if his Sense is low,
He can compound for't with a Dance or Show.
And to conc'nde, he swears --------
He does not doubt but he shall Feast to day,
Your sober Pallats with a serious Play.

THE

To the Right Honourable JOHN *Earl of* ROCHESTER,
One of the Gentlemen of His Majesties Bed-Chamber,&c.

My Lord,

PErhaps Your Lordship may admire to see your Name fixt before this trifle; But it's the Fate of Persons of Your obliging temper, to receive Persecutions of this nature, in return of Candour and Indulgence; which I must confess is so ill a requital, as it may make Your Lordship cautious hence-forwards of bestowing Your Favours, since this must be the troublesome consequence. But Greatness like Beauty attracts all on whom it smiles; And We frail writing sinners cannot content our selves with the secret enjoyment; but think half the pleasure lost, if we do not boast of it to the world. This vanity occasions your Lordship the present trouble; And next to this, a design to over-aw with Your Name, any the briskest enemies this Poem may meet with; For when I tell 'em, Your Lordship thinks it not much unworthy your Favour, they will judge moderately of it; at least, not be too forward in censuring any thing, which you are pleased to defend. The enemies it ha's already met with have been fewer, then a Play in Verse, (and an ill one too,) could expect; considering how many there are, that exclaim against Rhime, though never so well writ. Some of 'em I'me afraid do it from the same unjust picque that Women of cruel hearts, but peaceable Beauties ever have against a Mode, wherewith they despair to kill. But I shall not much concern my self with their little quarrel; I am fortunate enough in your Lordships approbation, and can dispense with the rest of man-

 kind

kind. And this I am bold to affirm though I have not the Honour of much acquaintance with your Lordship; for it is sufficient that I have seen in some little sketches of your Pen Excellent Masteries and a Spirit inimitable; and that I have been entertained by others with the wit, which your Lordship with a gentile & careless freedom, sprinkles in your ordinary converse, and often supplies vulgar and necessitous wits wherewith to enrich themselves, and sometimes to treat their friends; and when your Lordship is pleased to ascend above us, You do it with a strange readiness and agility of mind, and by swift and easy motions attain to heights, which others by much climbing dull industry, and constraint cannot reach. Nor is this vast wit crowded together in a little Soul, where it wants freedom, and is uneasy, but fills up the spaces of a large and generous mind, infinitely delighting to oblige all, but especially to encourage any blossoming merits; and ready to forgive large and voluminous faults for the sake of any one thing tolerably said or done. And now the world sure will not blame me that I esteem my self extremely happy in Your Favour, and secure in Your Patronage; and this being to me, like some great and sudden Fortune to the poor, I know not how to manage my own transports, but must make my brags to my Friends. This my Lord, is a great infirmity, but it is incident to humane Nature, and very common with all of our Tribe; and I do not doubt but your Lordship will pardon it among other defects to

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Humble and most obliged Servant,

JOHN CROWNE.

The Names of the Persons.

Alphonso. —— *King of* Naples. —— *Mr.* Metbourn.
Ferdinand. —— *Son to* Alphonso. —— *Mr.* Harris.
Prince of Salerne, *a fierce and valient young Rebel.* —— } *Mr.* Smith.
Ascanio. —— *Friend to* Ferdinand. —— *Mr.* Young.
Trivultio. —— *An old General, and Commander of the* Neopolitan *Army.* } *Mr.* Sandford
Gonsalvo. —— *Admiral of Queen of* Cornelia's *Galleys.* —— } *Mr.* Burford.
Ghost, —— *Of* Galeazzo, *Duke of* Millane. —— *Mr.* Cademan.
Charles *the Eighth, King of* France. —— *Mr.* Batterton.
Lewis, *Duke of* Orleance. —— *Mr.* Crosby.
Mompensier, *A* French *Commander.* —— *Mr.* Norris.

The Women.

Isabella, — *Daughter to* Alphonso, *and Widow to* Galeazzo, *the Young Duke of* Millane, *who was poisoned by his Uncle* Sforza. — } *Mrs.* Batterton.
Cornelia, — *Widow Queen of* Cyprus. —— *Mrs.* Slaughter.
Irene, —— *Her Friend and Confident.* —— *Mrs.* Shadwell.
Julia, —— *Sister to* Isabella. *Mrs.* Dixon.
Portia, Euphemia, Sylvia. } *Maids of Honour to* { Isabella. Julia. Cornelia.

Officers, Guards, Attendants.

The Scene *Naples.*

THE

HISTORY

OF

Charles the VIII. of FRANCE:

OR, THE

Invaſion of *Naples* by the *French*.

The firſt ACT.

After ſeveral Shouts and Noiſes without, Enter Iſabella, Julia, Portia, as from their Beds.

Iſa. OH Heavens! what means theſe ſad diſtracted cryes,
This confus'd noiſe, which through the Palace (flyes,
And puts a horrour on the face of night,
Dreadful to th' Ears, as viſions to the ſight?
Jul. The City hath receiv'd ſome ſtrange alarms;
For in the Streets they call, to Arms! to Arms!
The Palace ecchos with a dreadful ſound,
And Martial noiſes from the Streets rebound.
Iſab. Portia, Enquire the news! ——
Por. Madam, I go;

And yet I dread to ask: —— *Exit. Por.*

Ful. And I to know.

Isab. What can w'expect? The Enemy is come;
Although last night some said he was at *Rome*.
I see the slave, who the false news did bring,
Came with those tydings to betray the King.
When once a shaking Monarchy declines,
Each thing grows bold, and to its fall combines.

Ful. Oh Heav'ns! How strange a dream I had to night! *Aside.*
Visions of glory walk'd before my sight;
Crowns, *Cupids*, Bowers, and in my pleasing Trance,
I thought my self no less, then Queen of *France*.
What the presage should mean I feign would know,
And yet I dare not let the secret go.

Isab. Do's haughty *Charles* his anger still retain, *Aside.*
To come from *France* with Armies in his Train;
To ruine *Naples*, and usurp the Crown;
'Cause his feign'd passion I did once disown?
I'le make him know by sad experience too,
What a wrong'd Princess in dispair dare do!
Perhaps he thinks I am grown humbler since, ——
Th' afflicted Widow of a murder'd Prince:
But the proud King shall find when 'tis too late,
My mind hath Grandeur, much above my state.
Since Darts of beauty could not wound his pride,
Those darts shall now with daggers be supply'd.

Ful. These sad confusions will disturb I fear,
Our Royal stranger drove by Tempests here,
The distress'd *Cyprian* Queen, who will conclude,
By her hard fortunes she is still pursued;
That she in vain took refuge from the Winds,
Whilst in the Port she a new Tempest finds;
Which though for *Naples* 'tis alone design'd.
Will have impression on her generous mind.

Isab. The distress'd fortunes of that beauteous Queen,
Has by my Soul deeply resented been;
And I the more for our confusions grieve,
In that no aid we can her fortunes give.

But see she comes. —— *Enter Cornelia, Irene, Sylvia.*

Cor. Ah Madam, what should mean,
The sad distractions which I now have seen?
Wak'd from a gentle slumber soft as those,
Of Lovers charm'd with Musick to repose;
I rose, and in confusion went to see,
What 'twas that had divided sleep and me;
And to my Window streight I did repair,
And setting wide those sluces of the Air,
I in the Streets saw waves of people flow,
Like the Sea Billows, when fierce Tempests blow,
Among the Surges of th' unruly throng,
Came Fleets of Armed Troops Sailing along.
Like Ships pursued by angry winds and streight,
They all were landed at the Pallace Gate.

Ful. Heavens! we shall be murder'd!

Isab. — W' are betray'd!
The Enemy is got into the Town,
Villanes have sold my fathers life and Crown.

Cor. Madam, you judge too soon, and judge the worst,
Forbear till you have heard the story first.
Then Madam know, the Guard's oppos'd a while;
But 'twas like Reeds upon the banks of *Nile*,
Weakly resisting an impetuous Floud,
Of Armed Troops, and of a floating Croud.
The King your father then in person came,
Compas'd with lights, that he seem'd arm'd with flame.
When from the Terrace first he did appear,
Their awfull silence shew'd a general fear;
Till some more insolent then all the rest,
Presum'd to set their Pikes against his Breast:
But when the Prince appear'd the Martial Ring,
Proclaim'd aloud, that he should be their King.
By the respect they did your brother shew,
Judge if they were your enemies, or no.

Ful. Oh Heavens! How durst you stand in dead of night,
So unconcern'd, to see that dreadful sight?

Iren. I ſaw all this the Queen doth now relate,
From my own room which views the Palace Gate.
And the fierce tumults fil'd me with ſuch dread,
That in a fright I here for ſafety fled.
Iſab. And could the Traytors find no fitter time,
But this the more to aggravate their crime?
When Heaven abandons a declining King,
Rebellion then grows a religious thing.
Though on Heavens party they devoutly fight,
To whom all Kings muſt bowe their Sovereign right!
And this with vulgar heads ſucceeds ſo well,
Succeſs ſeems Heavens Commiſſion to rebel.
Ful. Hark, Hark, the ſhouts increaſe; — They'r louder yet,
Iren. And now they nearer to the Palace get. — *Shouts.*
Iſab. The Rebels ſtill are inſolent and loud,
The King will fall in the rebellious Croud.
Madam, you'r caſt upon a fatal Shore, — *Turning to Cornelia.*
Where you meet Tempeſts greater then before.
The noiſes and unruly Crouds appear
Leſs civil then the Storms that forc'd you here.
But Heaven that judges theſe misfortunes due
To us, deſigns no ſhare of 'um you.
Cor. Heaven to us all doth equal ſhare deſign,
Since friendſhip makes all your misfortunes mine.
Ful. But *Portia* comes, — And ſee ſhe comes in haſt. *Enter Portia.*
Ah! *Portia* ſpeak, Is all the danger paſt,
Or doth it ſtill increaſe?
Por. Madam, this noiſe
Is but the peoples loud tumultuous cryes.
Ful. The Queen already hath the ſtory ſaid!
Tell us th' event, is my great father dead?
What have the Traytors done? and can we flye,
Or muſt we tarry and prepare to dye?
Por. It is in vain the fatal truth to hide!
Madam, we are beſet on every ſide,
Your Enemies are come, the *French* are here,
All round the walls their warlike Troops appear,

And

And their approch such terrour doth display,
As almost frightens back the infant day.

Cor.
Isab.
Ful. } Ye Powers!
Iren.

Por. And every Minute comes a Post,
With news of Towns surrendred, Cities lost:
With this the people are distracted grown,
Some would have streight deliver'd up the Town!
Others that had with wrongs been much oppress't,
Now seek revenges whilst the King's distres'd.
The publick dangers they do all contemn,
Crying, all Tyrants are alike to them.
And thus the City did with clamours ring,
The *French* besiege the Town; the Town the King.

Isab. What would the Villanes have?

Ful. My fathers life
I fear will be th' event of all this strife!

Por. The King retir'd in a profound dispair,
And left the people to the Princes care.
Then did the Armed Crouds the Prince surround,
And in the noise and tumult he was Crown'd!

Cor. I feel within my heart a sudden flame, *Aside.*
Rise at the mention of the Princes name:
Nor all the noise that doth his Reign begin,
Exceeds the tumult which I feel within.

Iren. Of brave *Ascanio* still I nothing hear, *Aside.*
Heaven grant he meets with no misfortune there!
For in his Kings concern his passion's high,
And his ungovern'd zeal too far will flye.

Isab. Then I perceive the Kingdom is undone,
The Crown of *Naples* from our line is gone:
For these Convulsions in a dying state,
Some high and dangerous ills prognosticate.
—— Come Madam let us go —— *To Cor.*
And since the worst that fate designs we know:

(If

(If it be day) lets on the Western Towre,
View this dark Cloud which threats so fierce a shower. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Alphonso. Ferdinand, Ascanio, Triulzio. —— Guard.

Alph. Depose their King, and fly from his defence,
When they'ne the highest need of innocence!
T'ingage all Kings and fortune of their side,
To guard their Wealth, and prop their falling pride:
But since my Son they've seated on my Throne,
They in some measure do their sins atone.
Dear *Ferdinand*, thou hast thy peoples voice,
And art thy fathers and the Kingdom's choice.
Like blind Idolaters they worship thee,
With dark devotion by blaspheming me.
They finding my dim glories to decline,
With Torches of Rebellion light up thine:
But like a God, their ignorance disdain,
And shine upon 'em with a glorious Reign.

Ferd. Ah! Sir, I humbly crave ——
You'd not such orders on my duty lay,
Which I must be disloyal to obey;
Not by resigning up to me your Throne,
Force me to make the peoples guilt my own.
I'le not such favour to rebellion shew,
To wear a Crown the people do bestow,
Who when their giddy violence is past,
Shall from the King th' ador'd revolt at last;
And then the Throne they gain, they shall invade,
And scorn that Idol which themselves have made.
No, —— live and govern to revenge on them
Those Crimes; which only now you can contemn.

Alph. No *Ferdinand*, I the choice of Heaven allow,
And to my fate, not to my Vassals bowe,
In all the changes that to Crowns befall,
There is a power unseen that governs all,

Orders the moves, and playes the mighty game,
Whilst only Kings and Kingdoms have the name.
'Twas Heaven for *Naple*'s safety did decree,
By all those tumults to make choice of thee.
I freely then the Royal power resign.
Proclaim your King. *Ferdinand seems to oppose.*
No more the Crown is thine ——
I will for ever quit that glorious weight,
And now retire from all the toils of state.
Long live *Ferdinand* King of *Naples*! —— *All shout.*
Ferd. What guilty acclamations do I hear?
'Tis known to Heaven how small a part I share,
In that disloyal joy the people shew.
Asc Accept the Crown Sir, since it must be so.
Our ruin'd Kingdom flies to your defence;
As to a Prince fram'd for this exigence.
With sublime conrage to support the weight,
Disperse these Clouds, rebuild the falling state.
Alph. Now son, the glories of my life are done!
But ah! thy troubles are but now begun;
For know this Crown to that distress is come,
Abroad 'tis pityed, and betray'd at home.
Thy subjects mutining and thy allyes,
Flye from their own approching destinies.
The less *Italian* States that us'd to ride,
In calmes of peace close by each others side.
Have with this tempest broken every Chain,
And now are tost like Gallyes on the main.
That to unite again, they seek no more,
Each flyes for safety to a several Shore.
Venice and *Rome*, on whom I did rely,
Buy their own peace, and from the tempest flye;
Which swells this Monarque with no less design,
Then the Worlds ruine to begin with thine.
Fer. He on the world hath past a haughty doom;
But we may make his thoughts contain less room.
Alph. 'Tis true, my Son, but thou art left alone,
And hast no Sword to trust to but thy own.

And

And that with high rebellions broke in two,
That none, my Son, dare manage it but you.
Thoſe that ſhould ſerve thee in this high conteſt,
Turn all their Swords againſt the Monarchs breaſt,
That in this exigence 'tis hard to ſay,
Which are more dangerous, the *French* or they.

Aſc. The Prince, of *Salerne* heads the Rebel crue.

Ferd. He do's, — and I the Villane will purſue,
In his fierce chaſe of power with ſo much flame,
He ſhall let fall his prey, and change his game,
And curſe his pride which his ambition lead,
To play with Thunder till it ſtroke him dead.

Alph. Yes *Ferdinand*, thou muſt the ſlave deſtroy,
On that young Traytor firſt thy arms employ.
He thinks his bold pretence is juſt and good,
Thus to revenge his rebel fathers blood.
Nay his ſucceſsful pride ſo high doth ſwell,
He dare demand thy Siſter *Iſabel*:
But make him know it is a ſafer thing,
To blaſpheme Heav'n, then to depoſe a King.
Between the *French* and him thy Arms divide.
The War is juſt and brave on either ſide.
Rather then by a ſlave in triumph lead.
Throw down thy falling Kingdom on his head.
Blow up the *French*, the Villane, and the Town;
And if thou canſt not ſave, thus looſe the Crown.
Thou wilt be brave and glorious in thy fall;
But thou haſt courage to ſubdue them all.

Triv. The King revengeful grows when 'tis too late,
Thus mighty Spirits ſtruggle with their fate.

Aſc. Had this great counſel been purſu'd in time,
T'had ſav'd our ruine, and that rebels crime.

Ferd. In theſe expreſſions of your Royal mind,
I both my duty and my Glory find.
And, Sir, I'le pay them ſuch ſublime reſpect,
To your revenge I Altars will erect;
Where I will conſecrate my Sword, and he
With all his train ſhall the chief Victims be.

Then

Then for my other foes I will prepare,
And with devotion thus begin the Warre.
And if I conquer, prostrate all my Fame,
And Glory at your Feet, from whence they came.
Asc. Brave Prince!
Tri. But this Devotion I'm afraid —— *Aside.*
Will Sacrifice the Crown upon your head
Alph. Ah Son! thou fillst my heart with secret joy,
My high prophetick thoughts my fears destroy.
Some mighty Glories treasur'd up by Fate,
For vertues that attain so great a height.
When thou hast through a thousand glorious toyls,
Trode on Rebellion, and hast reapt the Spoils,
From the Ambitious *French*; the news to me
Will even a second Coronation be:
Then freed from all these cares, enjoy thy Throne,
And raise the glorious name of *Arragon.*
And now (my Son) farewell —— this painfull hour
Presses me more, then e're did weights of Power.
But I shall conquer it —— The Powers divine,
Take to their Guard, a virtue great as thine.
Now let thy Galleys to the Asian shore,
Conduct thy Father hence —— Thy King no more.
Ferd. This Floud of Sorrow let me first unlade,
Then, Sir, your sad commands shall be obey'd.
Asc: ~~*Alph.*~~ Tragicall sight! the brave *Alphonso's* gone, } *Ex. Alph. Ferd.*
Despoild by Rebels of that glorious Throne,
In which his Soul whilst living was enclos'd:
For Kings are truly murder'd when depos'd.
When they the Souls of Power from Empire flye,
They turn a wandring Regal-shade, and dye. —— *Ex.*
Triv: And art thou gone, brave Prince! thy short-liv'd Reign,
Hath been of troubles one continued Scene.
The giddy multitude, who never fear
A threatning danger, till they see it near,
Do fondly from their own Protection flye,
And just Assistance to their King deny.

Oppos'd by some, forsaken by the rest:
All will be conquer'd, rather then oppress.
But when Destruction on themselves they bring,
They then revenge their follies on their King.
This Scene once past, the next thing I must know,
Is how my Fortunes I had best bestow.
E're since the Armies of this Crown I've lead,
Lawrells have never wither'd on my Head.
The State is wholly at my devotion grown,
And as I please, I can dispose this Crown.
And I therein shall Fortunes smiles pursue;
All my Allegiance to my self is due.
As Fortune favours, so shall I advance,
The Interest of *Naples*, or of *France*. *Enter. Prince of Sallerne.*
But ha! the fierce young Prince of *Sallerne* here,
How dares he thus among the Guards appear!
Sal. Trivultio, seek not to retrieve the Guard,
I will from no Accesses be debar'd. *Shew several men Armed.*
Nay, my unbounded Power to let you see,
The King shall have no other Guards but me.
'Tis to my interest, ye high honours doe,
Those who make Idols, must preserve 'um too.
Tri. I know your Interest, *Sir*, and wish your Power,
Were something less, or Loyalty were more.
Sal. My Loyalty!
Go talk of that to dull obedient Fools,
Whom Laws, and tame pedantick virtue rules.
My Honour's safe in that my Cause is good,
And I am Loyal to my Fathers bloud:
And shall be bold, in such a glorious Cause,
To tread on Kings, and Loyalty, and Laws:
By Natures high commands my Sword I draw,
And Natures dictates are the highest Law.
Tri. No doubt, to Natures universal Sway, —— *Ironice*
All Laws must bow, and Kingdoms must obey.
But, *Sir*, Imperious Nature might have chose,
A fitter time for her Commands, then those,

When

When King and Kingdom are embroyl'd in war,
That for the Crime of one all punisht are.
If 'tis a Crime for Monarchs to defend
Their Crowns from every Sacrilegious hand.
But Power it seems can Change the names of things,
Treason Virtue; and make Rebels Kings.
But grant your Fathers bloud unjustly spilt,
Must *Naples* suffer for their Monarchs guilt?
Sal. Sir, I'le Revenge my Fathers bloud on all
That saw, and dares survive his Funerall:
On all that to his Execution came,
And did not set all *Naples* in a flame.
Blaspheme the Heavens, and in transports of Rage,
'Gainst Kings and Gods in some high act engage
Tri. No doubt 'twas pity when he lost his Head,
But all mankind had suffer'd in his stead. — *Ironcie.*
But I must wait a more important care.
Sal. Stay, Sir, and to the King this Message bear.
Tell him, that now his Father I've chastis'd,
My high Revenges are in part suffic'd:
That when h'ath wipt his Eyes, which for a while
Must drop some tears for the old Kings Exile,
I am content my Passion to subdue,
And if he please our Friendship to renew.
And that th' Alliance may eternal prove,
I've thought his Sister worthy of my Love,
And shall descend t' accept her as my Bride,
If I'me petition'd for't on every side.
But if my Alliance he dares disesteem,
Tell him, I both his Sister scorn, and him.
To wear his Crown were to descend too low;
Him and that trifle I'le on *Charles* bestow. — *Ex.*
Tri. To what prodigious heights his Spirit flyes,
The Fates and Crowns of Monarchs to despise.
These are Portentous Signs, and I'me afraid,
The Crown will fall from our young Monarchs head.
And with its heavy fall, 'twill ruine those,
Who fondly in its support their lives expose.

Too long I've born the weight for no Reward,
Now time calls loud my Fortunes to regard,
And leave this barren place, ——
Which for this twenty years with blood I've sown,
And nothing reapt but beggerly Renown. —— *Exit.*

Enter Charles, Lewis of Orleance, Mompensier, Guards.
The Scene, a fair Country before the Walls of Naples.

Ch. The day draws on, the Sun appears in view,
And we to day have much brave work to do.
Send in my name a Herauld to the Town,
Tell King *Alphonse* I demand the Crown.
That Crown his Ancestours usurpt from mine,
And he the third Usurper of his Line,
Detains —— if he refuse —— bid him prepare
For all the worst Calamities of War,

Lew. They dare not *Sir*, oppose your mighty Claim,
The World's subdu'd already with your Fame.
The Italian States like Herds to Covert flye,
Whilst you are like a whirlwind passing by.
Yes, *Rome* her self declines her sacred head,
And by obsequious fawning shews her dread.
But this lost Kingdom, upon whom the Ball,
Folded in Clouds of Fire, designs to fall,
Shakes with the fears of its approching doom,
Whilst smoking a far off they see it come.

Mom. Yes Sir, your Power like an impetuous tide,
Breaks down their yielding banks on every side;
That raving with despair, they wildly run,
I'th midst of all those dangers they would shun.
Our spies within have all disorders found,
The King is banisht, and his Son is Crown'd.
Hurried into the Throne by crowds of those,
Whom now instead of guarding, they oppose.
Within their City's of a blazing Fire;
Without their Army ready to Retire.

Nor

Nor Town nor Army will their King obey,
That you will meet no Enemy to day.
Ch. Yes, Sir, the Rebels are my Enemies,
And every Kings concern as well as his.
Rebellion is a Monster, would devour
The Kingly dignity, and Sovereign power.
A sort of Atheism, that doth Crowns blaspheme,
And stiles the Sacred Power of Kings a dream.
And as blasphemers call the Heavenly powers,
To arm their Thunder; this awakens ours.
Go to the King then e're it proves too late, *To Momp.*
And if you find the Rebels desperate,
The party strong, and the young King afraid,
He cannot conquer 'um, I'le lend him aid.
When that is done, tell him the Crown's my right,
And I expect that he resign or fight.
Mom. Great Sir, I shall obey.
Cha. Next to the Town
Proclaim, that I all Rebels shall disown.
For though 'tis true I am their lawful Prince,
To whom they all allegiance owe; yet since
Titles of Kings are Mysteries too high,
Above the reach of ev'ry vulgar eye,
They must the present shrines of power adore,
And pry into their duty, and no more;
For those with new Religions will be bold,
Who dare with high contempt profane the old:
And he who doth his own false God despise,
And with atheistick pride and scorn denies
That worship, which he thinks is but his due,
Would do the same if he ador'd the true.
Bid 'um be Loyal then, whilst we dispute,
And their false worship I with arms confute. *Exit.*

Act 2. The Scene *A Room in the Palace.*

Ferdinand, Mompensier. Ascanio, Trivultio.

Ferd. Your masters haughty message I despise,
Who knows not how to conquer, but surprise.
He ows his victories to my distress,
As he derives his title from success;
And has my Vassals into fears betray'd,
With th' empty noises which his fame hath made:
But they are ready by a brave defence,
To cloud his fame, and blast his false pretence.
Then let him know his proffer'd aid I slight,
And dare retain my Crown, if he dare fight.
Perhaps his army is in some distress,
With tedious marches, want, and weariness,
To pay the debt he on my fame hath laid,
I'le send the Rebels Forces to his aid.

Mom. I shall acquaint him Sir.

Ferd. Trivultio — go ——
To the proud enemy my Standards show,
And in the form that I my army drew,
Advance my Troops, and fix 'um in their view.

Triv. The armies, Sir, already are so near,
That now they in each others view appear;
And only want their Kings commands to joyn.

Ferd Let all my Squadrons stand prepar'd for mine. *Exit Tri.*
Ah! my *Ascanio*! Heaven doth still provide,
New ways and arts to have my courage try'd.
I do not mean by all those angry Stars,
Which thus begins my Reign with various Wars;
By all the Clouds that o're my Crown impend,
And in black Tempests ev'ry hour descend
Threatning my life, my father, and my Throne
Beset with foes and Rebels, left alone
T'encounter all; whilst fearful Spirits flye,
In Panick terrour from their Loyalty.

These

These meaner griefs my courage can remove;
But I am tortur'd with despairing love!
Asc. Why Sir, should you afflict your Royal mind
With griefs, for which you soon redress may find?
Time and some little patience will destroy
Those griefs which lye but in your way to joy:
Your own despairs, the blushes of the Queen,
And all the other Guards which stand between,
Will soon remove their stations, and be gone;
When all the empty forms of love are done.
Ferd. Alas! thou speak'st as if the piercing dart,
That wounded me, had toucht her gen'rous heart.
No, her unconquer'd heart is too severe,
For all the happy time she hath been here,
Too much (I fear) against her will confin'd,
By the kind force of an obliging wind;
With all my services I ne're could gain,
The least allay to my insulting pain.
Asc. Love in her Sex must some resistance make,
To a brave enemy for Honour's sake.
But, Sir, to better news I can pretend,
From the fair mouth of her own beautious friend;
For I, who in my confident address
To her fair friend, have met with more success,
Do find by her, that Sir, your noble flame
Is not contemn'd, nor doth she hate your name!
Ferd. What is't thou say'st?
Asc. Yes, Sir, I say the Queen,
With Eyes betraying love, hath oft been seen
To glance on yours, but with such caution move,
As Poets make the gods in stealths of Love;
Watching with care the motions of your eyes,
To guard her timerous honour from surprize;
And then retreating e're she was betray'd,
Falls into the ambush which her blushes made.
Nay, once ——
Pursu'd to her retreats by her fair friend,
She was o're heard to sigh —— Prince *Ferdinand*!

And to the private ecchoes of the Grove,
Intruſt the dang'rous ſecrets of her love.

Ferd. Prithee no more ſuch pleaſant tales as theſe,
As hard to faith as Heavenly Myſteries.
Thou think'ſt with Golden dreams and pleaſing art,
To fan this burning Feaver in my heart;
And blindly lead'ſt me to the wars of love,
VVith tales of Paradiſe, and joys above
My hope or faith, as *Turkiſh* Prieſts delude,
To VVar and death their cheated multitude.
Yet if 'twere true, and I in vain have mourn'd,
The inconſtant wind is with my fortune turn'd:
At the ſame view in which I ſaw to day,
The *French* their ſtandards on the Hills diſplay,
Another ſight appear'd which griev'd me more,
All the Queens Galleys rowing from the Shore,
Fitting their Oars and Tackling to be gone,
VVhilſt ſporting VVaves ſmil'd on the riſing Sun.

Aſc. Your Royal Orders may remove that fear,
And for a while confine her Galleys here;
And though in Honour ſhe diſpleas'd may ſeem,
All her loſt favour you may ſoon redeem:
And clear the guilt contracted on that ſcore;
For, Sir, perhaps you can't oblige her more.

Ferd. No more (my friend) theſe flatteries are vain!
Thou like an artiſt doth delude my pain,
With gentle promiſes, and hopes of Cure,
VVhen th'anguiſh grows too violent to endure.
But ſince
All ways are fled to in a deſp'rate caſe,
Thy dang'rous Counſels I'le for once embrace!
And will reſume my Courage: Prithee go,
And let the Adm'ral of her Galleys know,
I muſt confine him in the Port to day;
But then from me aſſure him that his ſtay
Not the leaſt dammage to the Fleet ſhall bring,
And his compliance will oblige a King.

Aſc. *Sir*, I ſhall haſten on the bleſs'd deſign,
Since the concern is both my Kings and mine. —— *Exit.*
Ferd. I'le to the Queen and by confeſſion own,
The devout crime my trembling Love hath done;
Like thoſe who ſtill in hopes of pardon ſin,
And all their crimes with penitence begin. —— *Exit.*

{*Enter Iſabella, followed by Salerne.*}

Iſab. Rebel begone, thy paſſion I diſdain!
Sal. And I thoſe frowns which you employ in vain.
The debt which to my fathers bloud I owe,
I yet have paid with a revenge too low.
The abject bloud of Vaſſals I have ſpilt,
And bluſh that fame on ſuch mean crimes I've built.
To kill your Brother were revenge ſublime,
And the great cauſe would conſecrate the Crime;
But yet that debt I ſhall in part forgive,
And for your ſake ſhall let your brother live.
The Regal ſtyle I'le ſuffer him to bear;
But I ſhall eaſe him from the Regal care.
I have another enemy beſide,
The hopes of *Charles* which nouriſhes your pride:
But from thoſe flames I ſhall your heart redeem:
For I'le at once both kill your hopes and him,
And pull your pride and all his glories down,
And fetch that Monarch's head, or loſe my own. *Exit Sal.*
Iſab. Who ever heard an inſolence like this?
But this is rather fortunes crime then his;
He finds ſucceſſes ſmile on his offence,
And now he ſwells to all this inſolence;
And does ſo proud of his Rebellion grow,
He thinks all virtues muſt to treaſon bowe. *Enter Portia.*
Por. Madam, the *Cyprian* Queen is coming here!
Iſab. To take her laſt adieus of us I fear.

{*Enter Cornelia, Julia, Irene, Sylvia*}

Cor. Madam, I come with sorrows to complain
Of my hard fate, with which I strive in vain.
My friends, the Winds and Seas have all combin'd,
To make me both ungen'rous and unkind;
And force me from you in your great distress,
The only time my friendship to express.
Isab. Madam, in this your friends do faithful prove,
And act like Heav'n, who always doth remove,
The Souls he loves from evils he fore-knows,
And kindly takes them to their blest repose.
Cor. Madam, this sacred truth I can't deny,
It is the same to part with friends, or dye. —— *weeps.*
Fren. I find it so; yet, must my joys resign, —— *Aside.*
E're by possession I can call 'em mine,
That I the brave *Ascanio* n'ere had seen,
Or could command my friendship to the Queen.
My love and Loyalty my Soul divide,
I flatter both and dare take neither side.
Isab. Madam, this death you safely may embrace:
Since you will only leave a mournful place,
Which seems like some wild Melancholy shade,
For the dark walks of guilty spirits made.
Nothing but terrour haunts us every where;
Pale sighing Cowards turn'd to Ghosts with fear.
Shouts of the Valiant, fainting womens cryes;
All intermixt with the loud Martial noise
Of Guns and Swords, and which is yet more loud,
The saucy Clamours of the Rebel Croud;
Which like the groans of Spirits in the night,
Women and Cowards with the noise affright.
Jul. This is our dismal state, and yet I find, *Aside.*
The last nights dreams of love so haunt my mind
With bright and glorious shapes, that I'm afraid
My Heart will be insensibly betray'd.

I feel

I feel an inward flame I dare not own,
And love a Prince which ſeeks my fathers Crown.
If Nature doth his paſſion diſaprove.
Oh! Nature pardon my ambitious love!
Cor. I by this death to ſtrange *Eliziums* go,
Not joys and Crowns to gain, but to beſtow.
That I the better VVorld forſake I fear,
And leaving you, leave joy and Angels here:
But I muſt yield to my Imperious fate;
For my kind father's the *Venetian* ſtate,
Do at their wills diſpoſe my Crown and me;
But I've reſerv'd my ſelf this liberty;
Nor winds, nor Seas ſhall intercept the ſhare,
I'le in your ſorrows, and misfortunes bear.
Iſab. Ah! Madam, you ſuch generous kindneſs ſhew,
You ſeem like a bright Angel ſent below,
To comfort us in our dejected ſtate;
Or like a viſion to foretel our fate.
Such lightnings ſome have had when near the Grave.
VVhy may not dying Kingdoms Viſions have?
Iren. My Queen great friendſhip ha's to her expreſt, — *Aſide.*
VVhilſt ſtill her thoughts are to the King addreſt.
Like one that praying would his Saint conceal,
To a wrong Image do's devoutly kneel.
Ful. Do viſions death foretel? VVhat do I hear? — *Aſide.*
Then I'm afraid my death for love is near.
Oh Heaven! If I from life ſo ſoon muſt flye,
Grant me one Viſion more before I dye.
Cor. Could I your fate foretel, I would not own,
Any ill news to you, nor to this Throne:
But Madam (if what fame ha's ſaid is true)
Crowns and not ſorrows are deſign'd for you.
'Tis ſaid, if *Charles* ſhall this fair Kingdom gain,
'Tis he ſhall triumph, but 'tis you ſhall Reign
Iſab. Of Princes honours fame makes ſmall eſteem,
And ſpeaks low things of me, and falſe of him.
He ſcorns his ancient paſſion to retain,
And I as much a Crown from him diſdain.

Ful. Ye Heavens, what power doth my heart surprize?
For I as much adore what you despise. *Aside.*
My inward grief I can no longer bear,
To my fair friend I must impart a share. *She whispers Irene, and they both go out.*

Cor. But love oft hovers long within the breast,
VVhich is by beauty upon Youth impress.
I've heard the King receiv'd his first alarms
Of youthful love from your Victorious charms.

Isab. Madam, 'tis true, fame made a large report,
(VVhilst I i'th' glories of the Gallique Court
Sometimes consum'd) of that young Monarch's flame;
He shewing me all the gallantry became
A youthful Monarch, but ere that pretence
VVas well discover'd, I retir'd from thence.

Cor. Against your will I fear. ——

Isab. By a Command
I durst not disobey, of *Ferdinand*
My Grandfather,
VVho then design'd me a less glorious Throne;
And the young Duke of *Millane* being grown
To mans estate, he sought alliance there ——
confining me within that narrow Sphere.

Cor. And this great King finding his passion vain,
Comes to revenge himself on your disdain.

Isab. Some would that complement on me bestow;
But his ambitions do not aim so low.
I can derive it from a truer cause:
For (Madam know) when to obey the Laws
Of Heaven and Nature I subdued my mind,
To fix my self where the old King design'd,
I found the Duke of *Millane* (when I came)
T'enjoy of Sovereign nothing but the name.
His Youth was not so tender as his Soul.
He and his Sceptre under the controul
of wicked *Sforsa*, who with the pretence
Of being Guardian to his Innocence,
Betray'd th' unguarded Prince, and hourly sought,
VVhich way his death might be with safety wrought.

VVhen

When I the treaſon came to underſtand,
I ſpeedy aid from *Naples* did demand.
The Villane leaſt we ſhould his Plots ſurprize,
And his unfiniſh'd Vilanies chaſtiſe,
Raiſes theſe ſtorms of War on *Naples* Throne,
To ſink the power he fear'd, and ſave his own.
Cor. Would *France* that does ſo much at Glory aim,
At ſuch a Traytors call purſue his claim?
Iſab. Princes in eager chaſe of Crowns near mind
The way they take; but ride o're all they find.
Cor. Since *France* this War had to the world declar'd,
How came th' old King thus ſtrangely unprepar'd?
Iſab. The good old Monarch of a peaceful mind,
More to devotion then to armes inclin'd,
Grown credulous and dull with age and ſloth,
Lov'd all thoſe falſe reports that flatter'd both.
And ſo by *Sforza* was with lyes betray'd,
That *France* ſome other Crown deſign'd t'invade.
And till the *French* in *Italy* were come,
Was unprepar'd for all things but his Tomb.
Then when his life and Crown he could not ſave,
He quitted both and crept into his Grave.
And left my father in a ruin'd ſtate;
Oppreſt with wars, and with the peoples hate,
Whoſe moſt unhappy Reign was ſcarce begun,
E're he reſign'd the Kingdom to his ſon. ——
Cor, But what becomes of wicked *Sforza* ſtill,
Durſt he proceed in his intended ill?
Iſab. The reſt like a dark ſecret from the dead,
Told by ſome walking diſcontented ſhade.
Too full of direful guilt and horrour grows,
Safely to hide or freely to diſcloſe.
The Vilane having rais'd by Magick skill,
Theſe throngs of Martial Spirits at his will,
To fill with noiſe of war th' *Italian* air,
Whilſt near his Circle no one durſt repair.
Now takes th' occaſion of this curſed time,
When he with ſafety might purſue his crime,

When none might hear his dying Sovereign groan,
Or could revenge the murder when 'twas done,
To bring the poor young Duke to his command;
And wring the Sceptre from his tender hand.
And to acquaint you with a fatal truth,
Poisons at last the sweet and Princely youth.
Cor. Oh Monster! ——
What will not some men do high power to gain,
And wear a while a guilty Crown with pain?
Isab. I must retire, my grief imperious grows,
And on my reason doth too much impose, —— *Exit Isab.*

{ *Isabella goes out weeping: As Cornelia follows,* }
{ *Sylvia enters.* —— }

Syl. Gonsalvo Madam, do's your pleasure wait.
Cor. I know the hast of the *Venetian* state,
To have my Crown; —— but since I must away,
My Masters haughty pleasures I'le obey.
Admit him in —— *Enter Gons.*
Your Galleys Sir prepare.
Gons. Madam they'r ready, and the Wind is fair.
The storms that lately rag'd upon the Coast,
Are out o' breath, and all their fury lost.
But whilst the Sea is smooth, and air is clear,
Madam we meet another tempest here.
A storm not from the Sea, but from the Court,
The King ha's stopt your Galleys in the Port.

{ *Enter Ferdinand.* }

Ferd Yes — Madam — seeing my just accuser come,
I came to own my crime, and know my doom;
For on my honour I have wars begun,
And own the great offence my love hath done.
Cor. Am I your Subject Sir? —— doth *Naples* own,
Dues from my Kingdom, yet to me unknown.

Ferd.

Ferd. *Naples*, its Crown, and Monarch claims no due;
But as they r conquer'd to be rul'd by you.
Cor. Am I by Laws of Nations captive made,
'Cause without leave I did your Shores invade?
For so 'tis said ——
When unarm'd Princes to strange Lands betake,
Themselves they voluntary Captives make.
Ferd. Madam 'tis true, —— but you come arm'd with power;
Which makes me Captive and you Conquerour.
A power so charming all things must obey,
And where 'tis seen will have Imperial sway.
Cor. Nor subject, nor a Captive; —— then from whence
Arises, Sir, this high and great pretence
Of power, t'imprison here a Sovereign Queen?
Ferd. From that ——
Whence all rebellions in the world have been,
From flaming zeal, ——
Which to all order we destructive find, ——
And loves a zealous rapture of the mind.
Cor. You act those things of which you are asham'd,
Then zeal and love must for your crimes be blam'd;
So to those virtues you injurious prove,
And bring an ill repute on zeal and love.
But, Sir you better reasons can relate,
Some secret Cause or Interest of state,
Or pride to let your Kingly power appear,
You exercise it first on strangers here.
And you make wars, (as you have well expresst
On those, who Sir) are like your self distrest.
But you had enemies enough before,
First conquer those; e're you make wars on more.
Ferd. Madam, perhaps 'twas interest of state,
Since on your aid depends my Kingdoms fate!
For what can a despairing Monarch do,
To save his Crown, who is condemn'd by you?
Cor. I know not what despair 'tis you pretend,
Nor yet what aid a depos'd Queen can lend.

Did I enjoy my Crown, perhaps I might
Support another injur'd Princes Right:
But then I never would afford my aid,
To those by whom I was a Prisoner made.

Fer. You with the same devotion are detain'd,
As Heav'n with Prayers and Incense oft is chain'd,
Who seldom frowns on a devout offence,
And ne're chastises sacred violence.

Cor. What is't I hear? his love too generous grows,
And like rash Valour doth it self expose
To mighty dangers which it can defeat,
And from which Honour suffers no retreat. *Aside.*
These trifling follies Sir you may forbear,—— *To Ferd.*
Your Kingdom rather do's require your care.
And if your Cause and Title Sir, are just,
You may your Life and Crown to Heav'n intrust;
Whom in your aid I often shall implore,
And in my state you can expect no more. *Exit Cor. Syl. Gonsalv.*

Fer. Are they too trifling? Yes fair Queen, with you,
Who those tormenting follies never knew;
How shall I bear this pang? it is above
My strength t'endure, or courage to remove.

{*Enter a Messenger in hast.*}

1. *Mes.* Your army Sir, with high impatience waits
Your presence, whilst the *French* approch the Gates.

{*Enter a second.*}

2. *Mes.* The Crouds once more, Sir, are rebellious grown,
Threatning to let the *French* into the Town.

Fer. Let City, Army, Kingdom, perish all,
And share in their unhappy Monarch's fall;
Insulting love will no compassion learn,
And nothing else is worthy my concern.
But since the fair *Cornelia* will be gone,
I'le guard her hence, and hast to be undone.

And see her Admiral —— *Enter Gonsalvo.*
Your Fleet conveigh,
From hence no longer for my Orders stay.
Gon. Y'oblige us, Royal Sir, with your consent:
But we are still confin'd; for since I went,
A Fleet of Galleys row'd in with the Tyde,
And fill the Harbours mouth on every side.
And the Admiral that doth his Flag advance,
In his main top displayes the Arms of *France.*
Fer. Ha! from my enemies shall I receive *Aside.*
That kindness which the Queen disdains to give.
The pow'rs of all mankind shall ne're detain
Those Glories here my service cannot gain.
Remain a while I will your passage clear,
I le send to Sea, and first I'le fight 'em there. —— *Exit Gons.*

Ferdinand is going out, and is met by Ascanio, who enters in hast.

Asc. Ah! Sir, with speed this traitrous Town forsake,
And to some place of strength your self betake.
The false *Trivultio* to the *French* is fled,
And hath some Thousands of your army led.
The Citizens within once more rebel,
And your Guards side with those whom they should quel.
And whilst we wait your Orders to engage,
City and army both are in a rage;
Nay, seek your life, and are resolv'd to buy
With their Kings bloud the Kingdoms liberty.
Ferd. How? with my bloud the Rebels safety bought?
The slaves dare dye, e're entertain that thought.
No, (my brave friend!) let not thy Loyalty
Betray thy Soul into kind fears for me.
Army and Rebels both shall at the sight
Of me
Fear their own thoughts, and shall not dare but fight.
As for *Trivultio*, if *Charles* is brave,
From him he'l the rewards of Treason have:

If not, let *Charles* and all the Traytors joyn,
'Twil from his Glory take and add to mine. —— *Exit*

Enter Charles, Trivultio, and Guard. The Scene a fair Country before Naples.

Ch. And is my fame so little in this place,
Thou dar'st adventure on an act so base?
I thought my deeds my temper might have shewn,
And that my Character was better known;
But thou in malice would'st be entertain'd,
To stain the many Laurels I have gain'd;
Thy King despairing to preserve his Crown,
Would thus by arts make War on my renown.

Tri. Sir, I came here on no such false design;
Nor is that Monarch any King of mine:
Though I have serv'd that Kingdom twenty years,
But of that long apprentiship appears
No fruit, but loss of bloud and many scars,
And some small fame got by success in Wars.
And now grown old and poor, if I desire
To serve some other Monarch, or retire,
May n't I my service as I please bestow?
Hard fate of Souldiers if it must be so. —

Ch. And had'st thou such a low esteem of me,
That I would entertain thy Vilany?
And doth thy Mercenary Treason dare
Thy fortunes with the falls of Kings repair.
If from that service did no profit spring,
It was reward enough to serve a King;
And for a King 't had been a Souldiers pride,
For no reward but glory to have died:
But since for gain, th'ast to my banners fled,
Thy Treason I le reward, and send thy head
To *Ferdinand*, —— unless thou dost from hence
Withdraw thy Troops, and fight in his defence.

Trivultio

{*Trivultio goes out, and enters in hast,*
the D. of Orleance.}

Lew. Sir, they have made a sally from the Town,
And all the force they have is pouring down.
The fierce young King doth in the head appear,
Dispersing death, and slaughter ev'ry where,
And what success he finds he doth pursue,
Through all your Squadrons, Sir to seek out you.

{*Enter Mompensier.*}

Mom. The enemy, Sir, doth your Guards assault,
And all those men that lately did revolt,
Repent their Crimes, and do your Guards betray,
Whilst through your Troops King *Ferdinand* cuts his way.
Ch. Go Sacrifice the Villanes at my feet,
Let 'em my anger feel; whilst I go meet
The brave young King, and since he's hither flown,
Afford him yet one tryal for his Crown.— *Ex. om.*

The Third Act.

The Scene of the Field continues. Enter Trivultio and an Officer.

Tri. No hopes my ruin'd honour to regain!
Off. No hopes! your men are either fled or slain!
Tri. This was the ambush of some cursed star,
That envyed all the fame I got in war.
Both Kings disdain me, and I've lost the day,
And all my hopes, — my fame's dam'd every way.
One scorns my Sword: The other my defence,
Charles slights my aid, *Ferdinand* my penitence.
But ah! there's yet some hopes on yonder Hill
I see King *Ferdinand*'s banners waving still.
Off. And I descry on yonder rising ground,
A Prince with armed throngs encompass round.

And Lyon like he ſtrives to get away,
Or make the Hunters to become the prey.
By all that at this diſtance I can ſee,
By Habits, Plumes, and courage it is he.
Here's one that can inform us. *Enter a ſecond Officer.*

Tri. Where's the King.

2. *Off.* Loſt without aid,—encompaſt with a Ring
Of hot *French* Cavalry, in yonder Grove,
Where for defence he did his Troops remove;
Finding his paſſage to the Town oppos'd,
And now with all their Troops he is enclos'd.

Tri. The King is ſafe, for to his aid I come,
With theſe few Troops I'le yet reverſe his doom.
And now the bloudy fate of *Charles* is near,
And ſee, the Valliant Prince of *Salerne* here.

{*Enter Prince of Salerne.*}

Tri. Welcome thou fate of Kings! what power divine
Sent thee to raiſe thy own renown and mine.
Our ſtars are penitent! In yonder ſhade
They've Lawrels for us hid in ambuſcade,
To Crown us if we bravely fetch 'em thence.
Both Kings have there refer'd their great pretence,
To our deciſion, as we pleaſe we may
Give Crowns, and rule the fortune of the day;
And Kings deſtroy or ſave,—Lets e're we go,
Reſolve on which we *Naples* will beſtow.

Sal. On neither—On my ſelf.

Tri. I do agree.——

Sal. They are both equally contemn'd by me;
Nor do I fight to give 'em Crowns, but Tombs,

Tri. They both ſhall dye; we will decree their dooms;
We'l fall on *Charles* to raiſe our ſinking fame,
And ſave young *Ferdinand* for an after-game.

Sal. Purſue thy fortune, I'le deſtroy or ſave,
As I, and not as Men or Gods would have.

In

In the high chace of fame, I'le not be shewn
What way to take, but will pursue my own.
I hate both Kings and firmly have decreed,
Both by my Sword successively shall bleed.
But in the field, I le a brave death afford
To *Charles*, who seems most worthy of my Sword:
The other is by fortune brought too low,
His life, on *Isabel*, in pity I le bestow. *Exit.*

The Scene is drawn, and there is presented a thick Grove filled with Armed men, Battalions surrounding it at a distance out of which comes Ferdinand and Ascanio with a party.

Ferd. All the remainder of my Army gone
And left me in this high exigent alone?
Asc. Sir, they are all revolted, slain or fled,
Mixt with the *French*, the Rebels or the dead.
Ferd. Then I perceive
I've tempted my high destiny too far,
Wading too boldly in the depths of War;
And tis but Valours Herisie to flye,
At mysteries of fame that are too high.
And Monarchs though high Priests of fame they be,
Have not in arms Infallibility.
But if I have err'd in courage, tis to you
My brave *Ascanio*, all the blame is due.
Asc. To me Sir!
Ferd. Yes, thou, fought'st with so much flame,
Thou mad'st thy Monarch jealous of his fame;
Rushing where e're I could most danger see,
Only in honour to out-rival thee.
Asc. I only fought in duty Sir, to bear
Off all those wounds you sought some little share.
Ferd. In this thy King thy Courage disapproves;
Thou ought'st to save the man, thy Monarch loves.
And not so easily expose to fate,
What Monarchs value at the highest rate.

Asc. Subjects or Kingdoms are but trifling things,
When laid together in the scale with Kings.
Ferd. In this dispair what shall's resolve upon,
To stay or cut our passage to the Town.
Asc. Sir, their whole Army doth the Grove surround,
All we can do, is to maintain our ground.
Ferd. Why are they at a stand, and make us stay,
Guarded like hunted Lyons at a Bay.
Off. 'Tis said their King commands 'um to forbear,
He saith your person is too great a share
For common Swords, a purchase so Divine
As a Kings due, to's own he doth design,
And see he comes! —— *Enter Charles, Lewis, Memp. and Guard.*
Ferd. 'Tis he! stand by me all!
In this great hour shall *France* or *Naples* fall.

{*Charles stops, and views Ferdinand.*}

Ch. Ha! my fierce enemy thus left alone, *Aside.*
And by wild fortune at my mercy thrown.
Me thinks a braver man I have not seen,
He views his fate, with an undaunted meen;
And with such pride maintains his fatal ground,
As if my Army came to see him Crown'd
Heav'n! That I could recall that fatal breath,
Which rashly swore so brave a Princes death.
Ferd. Ha! is this he that must enjoy my Throne, *Aside.*
Ye Powers! your favours have been well bestown:
Could I have chose the Prince that must invade
My Throne, no other choice I would have made;
Scorning that any Prince less brave then he,
Should e're aspire to be my enemy.
Ch. King *Ferdinand* your fate hath been severe,
Through all my Squadrons to conduct you here
With feign'd successes to deride your Sword,
And then no safety to your life afford;
For now you must with speed your Sword resign,
Else as I've won your Crown your life is mine.

Ferd.

Ferd. My fate in this what I desir'd hath done,
Here I enjoy the conquest I have won,
And here triumph, and whilst I this retain, *Shews his Sword.*
Our lives and Crowns on equal terms remain;
But by the care you of my life have shewn,
You seem to doubt the safety of your own,
Glad if I would this dang'rous Sword resign,
Which threats your life, whilst you are begging mine.
Ch. King *Ferdinand*, 'twere more generous to spare
These haughty words to him, who shall forbear
To use his Sword on one he can chastise,
And tread on him, who at his mercy lyes.
Were y'in the head of Armies you should see,
In halfe this time I'de try your gallantry;
But for that high contest you're brought too low,
And now say what you will, I'le pity show.
Ferd. How pity me! whence do's this baseness spring,
To talk of Childish pity to a King?
Kings falls are glorious like the setting Sun,
And Crowns are splendid when they are trampled on;
And since this secret is to thee unknown,
Thou merit'st not the glory of thy own.
And for the blasphemy thy Tongue ha's said,
To revenge Kings I'le snatch it from thy head.
Ch. Are you some God that you can wonders do?
Ferd. Can none but Gods the mighty *Charles* subdue?
Ch. That humane valour must be strangely great,
Whose single Sword whole armies can defeat.
Ferd. You'l to the refuge of your Army flye!
Ch. A King may shun an angry Deity;
But valiant *Ferdinand*, do not tempt your fate,
Let's find some way to end this high debate:
Princes like you unfortunately brave,
It is my glory to oblige and save.
Ferd. If you'r inclin'd to end this fatal strife,
And return home in safety, beg your life.
Ch. I must not this high insolence forgive,
Heav'ns! He'l not suffer me to let him live. *Aside.*

A generous

A generous pity long has held my hand;
But my wrong'd fame do's now your life demand.
Though 'gainſt my glory you have nought to ſtake,
Yet of theſe odds I'le no advantage make;
But end the warlike game I have begun,
And for this Crown which I have fairly won.
Here in the face of the whole Kingdom fight,
And till the combates done, diſclaim my right.
Aſc. Rather then tribute pay to his renown,
Sir, let us force your paſſage to the Town.
Ch. Yes, you ſhall dye, for I have ſworn ——
Who e're I find poſſeſt of *Naples* Crown
Shall dye, if of the houſe of *Arragon*.
This vow I in my fathers life time made,
When I decreed this Kingdom to invade.
Nay, and this Sword, ——
Was then made ſacred to the high deſign
Of rooting out the *Arragonian* Line,
And now you dye, and dye by none but me,
Out of reſpect to Kingly dignity.
Ferd. If you have made that vow
To your dead father, and the Pow'rs above,
Employ your Army leſt you perjur'd prove;
Ch. Let fall your braving Vein, leaſt all that hear,
Suſpect y' indeavour to diſguiſe your fear.
Ferd. My fear! —— Wer t thou a god I would not bear
So rude a word, and none that mortal are
Shall dare to think it. ——
Ch. Now I find you'r brave;
But after all, mayn t I your friendſhip have.
Ferd. Yes, *Charles* I give it thee, and as to him,
Whom only upon Earth I can eſteem:
And if thy Valour dooms me not to live,
I freely ſhall thy generous Sword forgive,
And dye thy friend, and thank the Heav'ns and thee;
For my brave fate, and braver enemy.
Ch. Let's with imbraces then my valiant friend,
Begin that friendſhip which too ſoon muſt end.

Lew.

Lew. The King too grand exceſs of honour ſhews. *Charles and*
Mom. He doth, but yet I dare not interpoſe. *Ferdinand*
Aſc. Can there no way be thought on to unite *embrace.*
Theſe two great rival Monarchs, e're they fight,
Whoſe ſacred bloud that muſt profuſely flow,
Out-values all the Crowns the Earth can ſhew.
Ch. Command my Troops ſome diſtance to remove: *To Momp.*
And let my Guards of Horſe ſurround the Grove,
On pain of death let not a man preſume
To interpoſe, what e're may be my doom:
And if my fortune does my fall decree,
Pay him the Loyalty you owe to me. *Lewis and*
Ferd. With what large Wings his glory takes her flight, *Momp. go*
And leaves my fainting honour out of ſight. *out.*

The two Kings are preparing to fight, and are interrupted by a noiſe of Arms without, and Mompenſier re-enters.

Mom. Great Sir, a noiſe of arms from yonder Hill,
Doth all your Squadrons with diſorder fill.
Ch. Haſt, meet 'um with my Troops, whilſt we conclude,
E're theſe new fighters on our ground intrude *Enter Lewis in haſt.*
Lew. Sir, from the vaults of yonder ſpreading Wood,
O'th' ſudden ope's new Scenes of War and blood,
Their rallyed Troops new courages diſplay,
And demand back the triumphs of the day.
Some th'old revolted General does head;
But the moſt daring are by *Sallerne* lead:
He and the General unite their Force,
And break through all your Pikes and Guards of Horſe.
Ferd. Shall I my Crown to ſlaves and Rebels owe?
Vilains! *Proffers to go out and is ſtaid by Charles.*
Ch. Hold valiant friend! I beg you ſtay!
Ferd. Your life's in danger Sir; with this delay.
Ch. And ſo is yours, thoſe horrid ſlaves deſign,
No doubt, to take your life as well as mine;
For all their rage from deſp'ration ſprings,
And they hate all that bear the name of Kings.

Ferd. My Sword shall teach 'um what to Kings they owe,
Ch. Rather that duty to my Troops allow.
Ferd. Perhaps 'tis more then all your Troops can do,
Rather I'le out, and save your Troops and you.
Ch. Fear not, my Army on their force withstand.
Ferd And I'm their King, and can the slaves command.
Ch. You may command 'um then, leave me to fight.
Ferd You 've had your turn t'oblige, now 'tis my right,
which you in justice ought not to invade.
Ch. We shall contend till we are both betray'd.
Ferd My Sword shall from that danger set you free,
The glory of your deaths design'd for me;
But now your life in honour I'le defend,
Till we with equal fame our high debate shall end. *Exit.*
Ch. End it you shall, for I'le perform my vow;
But I le not take your life till glories shall allow:
Till then this little friendship I'le receive;
But I le protect your life, without your leave.
Go aid the King, and cut the Rebels down, *To an Officer.*
Then with my Army guard him safe to Town.
Lew. He may get safe to Town, but Sir I fear
He will but small security find there;
For trembling *Naples* of your armes afraid,
On their high walls your banners have display'd,
Willing to pay you the allegiance due
To th' Crown of *France*, and own no King but you.
Ch. Sir, you mistake, 'tis to my Sword that they
All their submission and allegiance pay.
Those who are rais'd to glorious heights of power,
The Vulgar with implicite faith adore,
Whilst noble spirits oft dispute too late,
And so become the Martyrs of the state.
I'le go receive the Town in my command,
punish the Traytors, and save *Ferdinand.*
Lest he mistaken to their refuge flye,
And by some base Mechanick Vilane dye. *Exit.*

The

The Scene changes to a Room in the Palace. Enter Julia and Irene.

Jul. You see how all my follies I declare!
Oh, do not trust 'um to the moving air;
For here I kneel, and vow if e're they'r known,
I'le kil my self, and will the truth disown.
Iren. Why so, is't such a vile and abject thing,
To love a youthful Conqu'rour, and a King?
'Tis generous love, and shews your courage high,
That you disdain for less then Kings to dye.
Jul. I but to love a shape, a flying thought,
A dream, an Image in the fancy wrought!
Iren. 'Twas strange indeed! but oh! I long to hear
In what bright shape this vision did appear.
Jul. 'Twas late last night, ——
When various noises flew in ev'ry room
Throughout the Palace, crying, *Charles* is come;
And with the mournful sound of news so bad,
All Eyes were weeping, and all hearts were sad;
I to my apartment went.
Iren. And so did I
To such misfortunes, who could tears deny?
Jul. Where for a while contending with my fears,
My Soul o're flow'd with grief, my Eyes with tears,
My Heart with love, my Courage with disdain,
My tongue with pray'rs and vows, my head with pain,
My mind with *Charles*'s Glory and Renown,
Oppress with all these weights, I laid me down,
And listened to a gentle slumbers call,
Which hush't the noise, and reconcil'd 'um all.
Iren. And whether then did gentle sleep entice
Your wandring thoughts?
Jul. To a fair Paradice
Planted with bright abodes for Heavenly Powers,
Shaded with pleasant Groves, perfum'd with flowers,

Cool'd with ſoft winds, which gently walk'd the round,
Still dancing to their own Harmonious ſound,
And to each Grove and Palace did repair,
And as they danc'd fan'd Odours through the air.
Iren. From theſe abodes the ſhadow did appear?
Ful. Yes; in a ſhape too bright for mortal Eyes to bear,
From his fair brows the glories of a Crown,
Like dazling ſtreams of day came flowing down,
To pay their ſhining tribute to his Eyes,
And then rebounding with more Glory, riſe
In his ſtern looks, beauty and courage ſtrove,
Both threatning War, and yet inviting Love
In all his Stature, Beauty, Garb and Meen,
Something ſo charming, and divine was ſeen;
Revelling gods might in thoſe beauties play,
Or dreſs themſelves on ſome triumphal day.
Iren. Oh! I am charm'd! Heav'ns I can hear no more,
And did you not the God-like ſhape adore?
Ful. In a ſoft qualme, I fell upon my knees,
Fainting with love and dying by degrees,
My ſinking Spirit ready to withdraw;
Which when (me thought!) the Royal ſhadow ſaw,
With a ſoft voice he cryed, ſee, ſee, ſhe dyes,
And gently came, and kiſt my cloſing Eyes.
Iren. Oh Heavens! that I could ſuch a viſion ſee,
Or dreaming ſo, dream to Eternity.
Ful. Then rais'd with words and kiſſes ſo divine,
Me thought he claſp'd his Royal hand in mine,
And in my rapture lead me all along,
O're flowry Greens, and through a Martial throng,
To a fair Temple in a ſhady Grove,
Where Pilgrims viſited the ſhrines of love,
Without 'twas all beſet with ſhades of night,
Within beſpangled with Cœleſtial Light,
Me thoughts I ſigh'd!
Iren. But ſure you would not wake,
You would not ſuch a pleaſant dream forſake.

Ful.

Jul. Not till a sacred Priests by his commands,
Had at a Christal Altar joyn'd our hands.
Iren. Love courted you, disguised in Masquarade;
But yet
How came this Mask within your fancy playd,
Where no Machines of love before were brought,
To move and raise the pleasant Scenes of thought?
Jul. I had been frail before, I oft had sate,
And heard my sister *Isabel* relate
The glories of that King: — Had seen his Picture too,
And my heart snatcht new flames at every view:
But see! *Euphemia* comes, and in her eyes *Enter Euphemia.*
Discovers grief, and in her meen surpize.
Ah! thy unhappy Message quickly say.
Euph. Madam undone, the King has lost the day,
And now distrest, and by his foes subdu'd,
is by his own rebellious slaves pursu'd.
Jul. Oh Heavens! where will my Royal Brother flye!
Euph. Heaven knows! this cursed City does deny
To save their King, nay, rather are at strife,
Which way they shall dispose his sacred life.
Jul. Oh cursed Traytors! Oh I faint with fear. *Exit.*
Iren. Be not disturb'd so much at what you hear,
Angels will be his guard: —— But see the Queen.

{*Enter Isabella, Cornelia, Portia, Sylvia*}

I fear she is preparing to to be gone.
Euph. All her retinue Madam left the Town
Some hours ago. *Exit.*
Iren. That I had left it to, when first I came,
Or going now could leave behind this flame. *Aside.*
Isab. How, not a Letter not a Message yet, —— *Aside.*
From theproud King, doth he my name forget?
Unconstant *Charles*! th'ast made my Honour bleed,
To take thy life were an Heroick deed.
Cor. The Dutchess highly doth her state resent,
Her Soul is fill'd with haughty discontent.

Isab.

Isab. Madam, my grief is troublesome I fear,
I beg your pardon if I leave you here,
My sorrow doth a share on you impose,
And sorrows flatter'd more imperious grows.

Por. My Princess is disturb'd, and I perceive
For what it is, her swelling heart doth grieve.

Isab. *Portia*, the Jewels which from *France* I brought
And those were sent from thence let 'um be sought. *Exit.*

Por. Madam they shall.
I thought from whence this mighty grief did spring, *Aside Exit Por.*
She do s resent th' unkindness of the King.

Cor. Now to allay her sorrows she is gone,
I have got freedom to discourse my own.
Ah! *Ferdinand* how much I pity thee;
And thought my kindness thou shalt never see,
To my own bleeding heaart is sadly known,
Those pains which honour now forbids to own.
Unhappy storm that did me here conveigh,
And sav'd my Fleet, but cast my heart away.

Enter Ferdinand, Ascanio, and Gentlemen with drawn Swords, vizarded, and mufled in their Clokes, at their entrance the King and Ascanio fling off their Clokes and Vizards.

Cor, But see! the King is here! and in disguize,
All his own Gates afraid of a surprize. *Ascanio discourses with Irene*
And now my last and fatal hour is nigh,
Which will my love and all my courage try.

Ferd. Madam, my fate hath my hard Sentence past,
And now I come to offer up my last
Devotion to the shrine which I adore,
And where perhaps I ne're shall offer more;
For all those glories I am doom'd to loose,
Which might my high aspiring flame excuse:
But now uncrown'd, I must no more pursue
The envyed glory of adoring you.

Cor.

Cor. Sir, since you first was pleas'd to talk of love,
You know I all occasions did remove,
From treating wi' you, on a design so vain,
Which I in honour ne're could entertain;
For though as Sovereigns we equals are,
And so you had no reason for despair;
Yet as a Widdow Queen, that lately paid
Her solemn sorrow to the Royal shade
Of her dead Lord, I surely must reprove,
All new addresses of a second love.
Fer. These forms of sorrow may a while remain;
But shall the dead over the living Reign?
They in the other world their joys receive,
Must we not share in this without their leave?
Cor. The dead but absent are, and out o' sight,
Shall they for a short absence loose their right?
If to your memory my tears were due,
You would not have me be unjust to you.
But ---
'Tis not my temper Sir, this may convince!
T'insult at all o're a dejected Prince. *Puts her Handkerchief before her face.*
No, Sir I've found a shelter in your Port,
Respect from you, and honour in your Court.
For which I would ingratitude restore
Your ruin'd fortunes, were it in my power:
But how can she support anothers Throne,
Who is depos'd and banisht from her own?
A distrest Queen, who since the old King died,
Have been too much oppresst on every side.
The *Egyptian* Sultans threating every hour,
T'invade my Kingdom with their mighty power,
And none to guard me from this threatned fate,
But my good fathers, the *Venetian* state, *Ironice.*
Who wisely did adopt me in design,
My falling Crown t'entice me to resign.
Thither I go, forc'd by a fate so rude,
To spend my days in pious solitude.
Then, Sir since I shall never see you more,
May Heaven your Royal family restore.

And

And that I may a little grateful ſeem,
You ſhall not want my prayers, nor my eſteem.
Ferd. Ah Madam! now you ſhew your generous mind,
You pity moſt, where moſt diſtreſs you find.
Your timely bounties ſuccour the forlorn,
When all his dying patience was out-worn.
I feel a pleaſing extaſie of joy,
Which does all preſent ſenſe of grief deſtroy.
Bnt ah! how ſoon will all my pain return,
When I ſhall think I muſt for ever mourn?
To air its Wings love takes a ſoaring flight,
And then muſt fall in endleſs ſhades of night.

{ *Enter a Gentleman in haſt.* }

Gen. The King! The King! You'r loſt Sir if you ſtay,
The traitrous Rabble will your life betray;
Or elſe in Chains your Royal perſon bring
A Preſent to the new triumphant King.
Fer. Alas Poor men! It is no news to find
Fear, driving all the Herds of lower mankind;
The timerous Hare will o're the Hunters leap,
When ſhe'as nō other way for her eſcape.
Could there no other means for ſafety be,
Theſe would betray their God as well as me.
Iren. And will you have poor wanderers in mind?
No my *Aſcanio*, when the fleeting Wind
Ha's ſnatcht us hence, my Soul may bid adieu
To this fare Shore, to hopeleſs love and you.
Aſc. D'ye think I will commit a Crime ſo great?
Can humble Votaries their Saints forget,
To whoſe fair Images they hourly pray,
Whoſe ador'd ſhrines they viſit every day?
My dear, my faireſt Saint, to think of thee
Shall all my pleaſure and devotion be:
But why ſhould we deſpair to meet again?
Iren. Yes, we may meet, but Heav'n knows where or when!
Aſc. Then you may ſtay behind.

Iren. And you may go! ——

Aſc. What to forſake my King? That were below
The faithful Subject I have ever been.

Iren. And t'were as bad for me to leave my Queen;
But when I'm gone I ſhall lament in vain,
Your Heart ſome happier love will entertain.
I dye to think! ——

Aſc. By all that's good I ſwear!

Iren. Oh my imperious grief I cannot bear!
New pangs and ſorrows do beſiege my heart,
Like thoſe of death,—when Soul and Body part.—

Aſc. She ſwouns! —— *She ſwouns in his Arms.*

Ferd. I now like tortur'd Souls look up with pain,
On joys of Angels which I can't obtain.
They from thoſe Viſions fly to deep deſpair,
And I from joys of love to Bloud and War; —— *Aſide.*
For if from friends I any aid can find,
In ſome brave death I'le eaſe my wounded mind.
Come Madam, ſince my heavy doom is paſt, —— *To Cor.*
As men condem'd to Execution haſt,
To eaſe their Souls of weight they cannot bear
Of griefs unknown, which more then death they fear;
So give me leave to haſt thoſe joys away,
Which are but torment whilſt they vainly ſtay.
And thus that wealth I to the winds reſtore
They lent awhile, and ne're will lend me more. *Ex. om.*

ACT IV.

The Scene the Town of Naples, and enter Prince of Salerne and Trivultio, muffled in their Cloaks, and disguized.

Sal. HOw? March in pomp, and triumph through the Town,
Whilst I that name, which threatned Kings disown?
Must I be buried thus alive, whilst he
Advanc'd by Fortunes servile flattery,
Marches in state to meet the haughty charms
Of her I love, and revel in her arms?
Damn'd be this tame disguise, —— I will appear,
And *Charles* from th' arms of Love and Fortune tear.
Tri. Hold, Let not Valour, Sir, your life betray; —— *Sal. offers to go.*
Nor demand debts which fortune cannot pay.
I know his triumphs to your Sword are due; ——
But, ——
Sal. But what? do'st thou adore his fortune too?
Tri. How I adore it? — No Sir, curs'd be he,
That shall deny by any treachery
To take that life he to our Swords do's owe;
When fortune shall a fair occasion show:
But I'de not dunne my Stars when they are poor,
And so gain nothing but inrage 'um more.
Sal. If Bankrupt fortune's poor, I'le fall on those,
On whom profusely she my wealth bestows.
Charles has my Mistress, do's my triumphs wear,
My wealth's in's hands, and I'le arrest it there.
I'le kill him,
Only to let th'imperious woman see
The arrogant folly of disdaining me. —— *Offers again to go.*
Tri. Hold, since you'l go! —— let us our fortunes joyn,
I'le share i'th glory of this great design;
Besides th' revenge to my lost fame is due,
I've some concerns of love as well as you.

For *Julia*, I a long hid flame have born,
Though I've ſuppreſt it; ——
Knowing too well the *Arragonian* ſcorn,
Who to my Sword have paid ſo ſmall regard,
they thought their ſervice was its own reward.
But now I le clear the ſcores another way;
Her beauty all my old arrears ſhall pay.
Sal. She's thine! there's nothing ſhall be left undone,
That may bring down the pride of *Arragon*.
Tri. Let's go then, whilſt our raging blood do's boil, ——
Whilſt the *French* Guards, wearied with this days toyl,
Diſperſt in quarters to their reſt betake,
All but whom Luſt or Wine may keep awake;
Whilſt they in pleaſure, or repoſe engag'd,
Our friends alarm'd and the Town enraged,
We'l go to th' Palace in ſecure diſguize.
Sal. No more! —— I ſcorn to kill him by ſurprize!
What I'le attempt, I'le do in open day,
And let his Guards and Genius ſtop my way: ——
Then if I live or dye, deſtroy or ſave,
Succeſs or death will equally brave. —— *Exit.*
Tri. This high ungovern'd flame I muſt allay, ——
I ſeek revenge; ——
But then I'de ſeek it the ſecureſt way.
But Heav'ns! Which way ſhall this great deed be wrought,
My Soul is loſt in a wild maze of thought!
But yet I le boldly on. ——
He who through dang'rous ways do's fate purſue,
Muſt not the depths of precipices view:
But with high courage, and a bold addreſs,
Spur on, and leave to fortune the ſucceſs. —— *Exit.*

The Scene changes to a Room of State. Enter Charles, Lewis, Mompenſier, Guard.

Ch. Gone to attend the Queen. ——
Lew. To guard her hence!
Ch. What need of Guards, where there's no violence.

Design'd? ——

Mom. He fear'd lest the *Venetian* Fleet
Might from your Galleys some obstruction meet!

Ch. Going to serve a Queen, regain his Crown,
To raise my Honour, and repair his own,
Could he suspect my Fleet would stop his way?
No, —— rather all my Galleys shall conveigh
The King to any port, where he intends
To try his fortune, or has hopes of friends.

Lew. Going with those, whose masters have declar'd
Themselves your Enemies, he justly fear'd
Your anger Sir! ——

Ch. He did! —— That treacherous state,
Has disoblig'd me at the highest rate,
Have broke their faith with me, and out of fear,
And envy to my rising glories here.
Creep into Leagues, and private friendships court,
That I might fire their Galleys in the Port: ——
But since they attend the Queen ——
I'le spare their Galleys, and reprieve the doom
Of that false state, till my returning home;
But to the Queen ——
Command my Admiral that he honours pay, —— *To an Officer,*
And whilst she stays her orders to obey. —— *who goes out.*

Mom. But dares, great Sir, the false *Venetian* state
Abuse your friendship? ——

Ch. That we'l now debate! —

Charles seats himself, and enter a Secretary with Papers, and dispatches.

Ch. Not only they, — but all
Th' *Italian* Princes are in Councel sate,
Each fears to lose his little Coronet.
Nay, by th' Intelligence I've now receiv'd,
All Kings and states with my success are griev'd,
Doubting themselves, and knowing not how high
Ambition raised, with victory may flye.

Rome

Rome, *Millane*, *Venice*, *Germany* and *Spain*,
With all the little Princes they can gain,
Are all in bonds of strict allyance tied,
To check (as they pretend) my growing pride,
That I must now make war on halfe mankind,
And gain that Empire which I ne're design'd.
Mom. *Rome* perjur'd too?
Ch. Yes, *Venice*, *Millane*, *Rome*,
Agree to intercept my passage home,
Are arming Frontiers, raising Troops with speed;
Which the fam'd Duke of *Mantua* must lead,
The great *Gonzaga*, one whose fame is high,
And on his conduct they do all rely.
Lew. Sir, that an envious and *Mechanick* state,
Whose Nature is, Crown'd heads to fear and hate,
A Princes glory thus should undermine,
I not admire; — but such a low design,
That *Rome* should aid? —
Momp. And joyn with *Sforza* too, —
A barbrous Prince, who did his hands embrue,
In his young Masters bloud, — and basely made
Our wars his opportunity, to invade
His Life and Crown, and act his villanies!
Ch. That bloudy Traytor *Sforza* I'le chastise!
But now that *Rome* should joyn in league with these,
When for his fame had given me hostages,
Enrages me! —
Lew. You must be times disperse
These gathering Clouds that threaten storms so fierce.
Mom. First shake your Rods o're th' *Ecclesiastick* Chair!
That busy-headed priest, you must not spare.
He is Heavens Usher in the worlds great School,
Only to teach, for Kings have highest rule.
Ch. What 're his Office or Commission be,
I'le make *Rome* know his duty now to me.
He shall not baffle Kings, under pretence,
With all Heavens Laws his Office can dispence;

He

He ſwore me faith! and if the power's divine
Slight their own honour, none ſhall ſport with mine.
Cozen of *Orleance* march to night away,
With all my choiceſt men! ——
Lew. Sir, one nights ſtay
Your wearied men for reſt would humbly crave.
Ch. Then let 'um ſhort and gentle marches have:
But move this evening, though you march not far;
For expedition is the life of war!
Mom. Send not too many for your ſafety ſake,
Leſt this rebellious Town advantage take.
And what's ſo deſp'rate as an angry ſlave,
When by adventuring he revenge may have?
Ch. Leave fifteen thouſand foot? —— Your march direct
To *Rome* —— I'le follow and no time neglect. *Exit Lew.*
What, did you viſit yet as I deſir'd,
The Dutcheſs *Iſabel*?
Mom. Sir, ſhe retir'd
To her apartment, and with haughty pride
Retains her ſtate, and Viſitants deny'd.
Ch. Alas! ſhe well might have that pride forborn,
To one that values not her love or ſcorn.
She that had ſuch a Monarch in her Chain,
Would a young petty rival entertain, ——
Makes me contemn the name of Royal ſlave,
And ſlight the little wounds her beauty gave:
But now we've ſetled all our grand affair,
And the declining day begins to wear.
His milder beams let's out, and taſt a while
The freſher air; for I with this days toil
Am weary grown! ——
Mom. The Gardens, Sir, are nigh,
From hence they open to your proſpect lye.

Charles and Mompenſier go out, and the Scene is drawn, and a fair Garden is preſented. Julia ſitting as aſleep in an Arbour; Euphemia waiting by. A Song within.

Whilſt the Song is ſung, Charles and Mompenſier enters, Charles gazes on Julia.

The Song ſung to *Julia* in the Garden.

OH Love! if e're thou'lt eaſe a Heart,
That owns thy power Divine,
That bleeds with thy too cruel dart,
And pants with never ceaſing ſmart;
Take pity now on mine,
Under the ſhade, I fainting lye!
A thouſand times I wiſh to dye:
But when I find cold death too nigh,
I grieve to loſe my pleaſing pain,
And call my wiſhes back again.

But thus as I ſat all alone,
I'th ſhady mirtle Grove,
And to each gentle ſigh and moan,
Some neighbouring Eccho gave a groan,
Came by the man I love.
Oh! How I ſtrove my griefs to hide!
I panted, bluſh'd, and almoſt died,
And did each tatling eccho chide,
For fear ſome breath of moving Air,
Should to his Ears my ſorrows bear.

Yet Oh Ye Powers! I'd dye to gain,
But one poor parting Kiſs!
And yet I'de be on Wracks of pain.
E're I'd one Thought or Wiſh retain,
Which Honour thinks amiſs.
Thus are poor Maids unkindly us'd,
By Love and Nature both abus'd,
Our tender Hearts all eaſe refus'd;
And when we burn with ſecret flame
Muſt bear our griefs, or die with ſhame.

Ch.

Ch. I'me ſtartled, ſee! What divine ſhape is there?
Some Angel ſure, —— no mortal is ſo fair!
Mom. Some airy Viſion do's deceive our eyes.
Ch. Heavens! like a bright unbodyed Soul ſhe lyes
Wrapt in a ſhape of pure *Ætherial* air,
To ſome fair body ready to repair.
Know'ſt thouwhom this bright ſhape reſemblesmoſt?
Mom. None but the Princeſs *Julia*, Sir, dare boaſt,
Theſe Angel beauties ——
She to the Dutcheſſes apartment came,
Whilſt I was there, theſe beauties are the ſame.
Ch. The Princeſs *Julia!*
Mom. How his eyes are fixt! —— *Aſide.*
Sir!
If any knowledge of your heart I learn,
You view this lovely ſhape with ſome concern.
Ch. I do —— and muſt acknowledge
I feel within my heart a paſſion move,
Like the ſoft pantings of approching love.
And if from war I could the leaſure gain,
Th' infinuating gueſt to entertain,
My heart might be ſeduc'd by one ſo fair
To love, and fix my roving paſſion there! ——
But to
Remoter parts o'th' Gardens let's repair,
To take breathings of the evening air.

They go out betwixt the Scenes, as into the Garden, and enter Salerne, and Trivultio follow'd by ſeveral, —— all habited like the French Guards.

Tri. So we 've ſecurely paſt in this diſguize, ——
Let's watch a fair occaſion for ſurprize.
Sal. Surprize? — make an alarm, — for he ſhall dye,
Were all his Guards, and his whole Kingdom by.
Tri. But let us wait for the approch of night ——
Sal. —— Let night be dam'd, ——
I'le kill him now in *Iſabella*'s ſight,

That

That every wound I give him, ſhe may feel;
And when he's fallen by my revengeful Steel,
She wild and raving, may his death bemone,
Tear out his bleeding heart and ſtab her own.
See there,—He walks,— *Looks within the Scenes,*
Tri. Silence,—for Heavens ſake.—
Sal. Nor Heaven,——
Nor Hell ſhall hinder the revenge I'le take,
Were death 'twixt him and me I would not ſtay.— *Goes out 'twixt*
Tri. Ye Powers he'l our deſigns and lives betray! *the Scenes.*
Haſt, let the Garden Avenues be barr'd, *To one of his*
Before we give ſuſpition to the Guard.—— *followers.*
Thou to the Poſtern run, where our men wait, *To a ſecond*
On a ſign giv'n t'aid, as in our retreat,——
Unlock it with this Key,—and then remove
Part of our men, to th' private Mirtle Grove.
Place 'um i'th Grotto, by the dark deſcent,
VVhere we may flye, if the *French* Guards prevent
Our other paſſage! Heavens! what is't I ſee?
The Princeſs here!— bleſt opportunity!
Now!—now's the time! you run and aid the Prince,
You ſtay and help me to conveigh her hence!——

They go out ſeveral ways, Trivultio and a party towards Fulia, who ſhreiks and runs off the Stage, crying, murder! At the ſame time claſhing of Swords within is heard, and immediately enter Charles defending Fulia, and purſued by Salerne, Trivultio and his party; Salerne beating down the Swords of Trivultio, and the reſt.

Sal. Vilanes retire! I do'nt your ſuccours need,
The Tyrant by my hand alone ſhall bleed!
Ch. Thou 'rt brave! who e're thou art!

As Salerne and the rest are going about to assault Charles. Enter Mompensier and a Guard, rushing in on all sides of the Stage, Crying, Treason! and assist Charles, all assaulting Salerne, who with Trivultio are forced off the Stage by Charles and the Guard, after which Fulda recovers her self from her surprize.

Ful. Oh Heavens! in what confusions have I been,
With what my heart has felt, my eyes have seen?
Sav'd by the King? my ruin'd heart's betray'd,
Into an ambush which my Stars have made.
Punisht for doting on an airy shape,
My enslav'd heart must never hope to 'scape!
Euph. Fate seems not
By this surprize, your flame to disapprove,
Rather exalts it to a generous love.
Ful. But all in vain.
Euph. A Princess young and fair! ——
Such youth and beauty's yours should ne're despair
Ful. But when I love a Prince I ought to hate,
What passion can be more unfortunate?

Enter Charles as from the Chase of Salerne, &c.

Ful. But see, he comes! — my yielding spirits flye!
Help me *Euphemen*! — or I faint, — and dye!
Ch. Madam, ! How much am I asham'd, you find
Such barbrous treatment here, where I design'd
You withall Honour should be entertain'd:
Giving commands, that whilst you here remain'd
My slaves the same respect to you should bear,
As if the King your father govern'd here.
But since my guards ——
Did not this horrid vilany prevent,
Your own fair mouth shall name their Punishment.
Ful. Sir, rather let

Those

Thoſe ſlaves of ours (if they are fled) be ſought,
Who 'gainſt your life have this bold Treaſon wrought;
For Sir, the horrid vilany th'ave done,
I know my Royal brother will diſown.
And puniſh too, if he had ſo much power. ——
And though from the obliging Conquerour,
By all brave ways he will his Crown redeem,
For this great act ——
He will his gen'rous enemy eſteem:
Ch. Ah, Madam! though by my unhappy fate
I've been too much expos'd to your juſt hate,
And in purſuit of fame, have been betray'd
To all thoſe wars, ——
I with the houſe of *Arragon* have made.
I now acknowledge I ſo vanquiſht am,
That I for ever do renounce the name
Of enemy, ——
And do repent the crimes my Sword has done, ——
And at your feet will lay the Crown I've won.
Jul. Sir, you know beſt your guilt or innocence,
I ſhall not judge you for your wrong pretence.
Let Heaven do that to whom our right is known:
But if my Brother e're regain his Crown,
The obligation, now on us you have laid,
Shall be ſome gen'rous way by him repaid.

As Julia is going, Charles proffers to lead her by the hand, which ſhe ſeems to refuſe, and withdraws her hand: At the ſame time enters Iſabella.

Iſab. As from my cloſe retitement I withdrew,
Me thoughts wild noiſes from the Gardens flew,
And horrid cryes loud ecchos did repeat. ——
Has the proud Tyrant ſome diſaſter met?

{*Discovers Charles leading Julia within the Scenes*}

Isab. But ha! the Tyrant, and my Sister there! —
Oh! curled Vision quickly disappear! —
I'le charm you, be you spirits bad or good, —
I'le rend your shapes, I'le circle you in blood.

{*Julia goes,* — *and Charles turns, and sees Isabella.*}

Ch. Ha!
The Dutchess *Isabel*!
Isab. Yes, Sir, 'tis I!
I fear I have disturb'd your privacy;
If so (great Sir!) I do your pardon crave.
Ch. Madam, for that you need no pardon have,
Since all the Palace is at your command!
Isab. I'm glad my liberty I understand; —
But pray Sir, —
On your fair Princess to'r apartment wait,
This kindness then, we farther will debate.
Ch. Madam, — your councel I do well approve;
But none need teach me —
What duty I should pay to those I love!
Isab. Thou lov'st! — Immortal powers! with unmov'd brows
Dar'st thou relate, how thou contemn'st thy vows!
Ch. The vows
To *Isabel* of *Arragon* I made,
To *Millanes* Dutchess ought not to be paid.
Isab. But *Millanes* injur'd Dutchess shall chastise
Th' inconstant Prince, that dares her love despise.
Heavens! thou inflam'st me to so great a rage,
that nothing but thy bloud shall it asswage.
Ch. Good Madam, what should this great passion mean?
Is it because you have inconstant been,
And now into a fit of rage are flown,
To hide those faults which you disdain to own?

Isab.

Iſab. Tyrant I never did a crime commit,
But when my heart did to thy love ſubmit.
Thy love? Thy hate! thy ſcorn! for which I now
Would ſtab that heart which would ſo poorly bowe,
And with falſe Meteors ſo deluded be,
But that I live to have revenge on thee.
Ch. Madam, firſt ſeek revenge on your own ſcorn.
Which vainly ſlighted Crowns, you might have worn,
And your prepoſterous pride, did in my ſtead,
Advance a puny lover to your bed, ——
Whoſe little Coronet ——
Iſab. Prepoſterous pride!
Ch. Yes, when for *Millane*, *France* ſhould be deny'd,
Iſab. Thou fir'ſt my bloud! I'm rackt with grief and ſhame,
Wouldſt thou have had me ſtay, and court thy flame?
Thy feign'd addreſſes did not I receive,
And for thy loytring flame in ſilence grieve;
Waiting the motion of thy painted fire,
Till modeſty compel'd me to retire?
Then by a thouſand differing paſſions lead,
Was I not forc'd into that Princes bed,
By ſuch commands I durſt not diſobey,
And by diſtractions of more power then they?
And now of him and all my friends bereſt,
The Kingdom loſt, and no aſſiſtance left,
Oppreſt both by thy falſhood, and thy Sword,
Doſt thou ſuch recompence as this afford?
Ch. Madam!
Iſab. No more, — no more inſulting Prince!
Treat nor a Lady with this inſolence!
Is this your valour (mighty King!) t'oppreſs
A poor afflicted Princeſs in diſtreſs?
Go hide thy head with ſhame, and with ſome fear! —
For know thy fall! — thy fall, — proud King, is near;
Th'aſt rob'd me of all my friends, ——
Thou ſhalt not rob me of my courage too;
I will do more then all our Troops could do,

The

The glory of our house I'le yet regain,
And all thy Laurels in thy bloud I'le stain. *Exit.*
Ch. Alas poor Lady! I her pain perceive,
She sees 'tis vain for her old scorn to grieve;
And now to soften her remorsselss fate,
Flatters her self with pride, revenge and hate. ——
But see *Mompensier* here, *Enter Momp.*
And by his looks do some ill tydings bear.
Mom. Ah, Sir! ——
The bearer of ill news, I'm forc'd to be. —
Not only the actors of this vilany
Have scap'd our hands, and made a safe retreat,
But in the Harbour the *Venetian* Fleet. —
Ch. How! do's my Admirall my orders slight,
Or without leave dares he presume to fight,
Or stop the Fleet, — His boldness I'le chastise, —
Fire on my Admirall from the batteries
On him, and all my Galleys till they cease,
And of King *Ferdinand* humbly beg for peace,
Fire on 'um, — Hast. ——
Mom. Alas! Sir, all's too late,
Both Princes have already met their fate.
The Queen — is lost. ——
Ch. What wast thou saidst the Queen. ——
Mom. Yes, Sir, her Galley in distress was seen
Rowing to Land, but e're it gain'd the Shore,
Sunk in the Billows, and was seen no more.
Ch. Oh! fatal accident! which way shall I
Make satisfaction for this vilany ——
To Heaven, and all that will her bloud demand,
And which is more to injur'd *Ferdinand*? ——
Mom. Sir, 'twas the King himself did first engage,
Fir'd with a haughty and ungovern'd rage,
To see his Fleet confin'd, and yours controul
The Shore along the Channel, and the Mole,
And he must at your Admiralls pleasure stay,
He sought through bloud, and flame to make his way, ——
And had destroy'd your Fleet, —

Had

Had not the news of the Queens loss done more,
Then Bullets could to save it from his power;
For with the news he fell, —— and with him ——.
Victory fell, his Galleys sunk with fear,
And all his Scenes of triumph disappear;
And fortune, whom his valour had constrain'd,
Stole from his Sword, and liberty regain'd, ——
And now ——
After the wonders which his Sword had wrought,
He is among guards ashore, a prisoner brought.
Ch. A prisoner, —— my Admirall dyes for this! ——
With a strict guard ashore the vilane bring! *To one that waits.*
Thou with a Train go meet the injur'd King, —— *To Memp.*
Wait his commands, pay all submissions due
To his high quality and valour too.
Declare my innocence, his pardon crave,
And whilst he stays, let him all honours have. —— *Exit.*
Mem. With how much glory these two Kings contend,
Each others generous enemy, and friend.
My King
To *Ferdinands* Crown, and friendship do's lay siege,
And strives at once to conquer and oblige:
But *Ferdinand* judges it a greater thing,
To subdue Heaven and Fortune, then a King.
But see! he comes, — and ha! —— *Enter Ferdinand and*
A weighty grief hangs on his Royal brow, *Ascanio brought as*
His mighty Soul do's to his sorrows bow! *Prisoners by the*
Ferd. *Cornelia* dead, what is't I have done! *Guard.*
My fair *Cornelia*, whither art thou gone!
Cœlestial shade! If yet there may not be
Too many Clouds 'twixt my dark Soul and thee,
Look down, and see my grief, and oh! forgive
That fatal pride, which would not let thee live;
But rather would to fate thy life expose,
Then take one kindness from my conquering foes:
I am thy murderer, and at my hand,
(Fair Queen!) thou must thy guiltless blood demand;

Nor

Nor shalt thou ask in vain, and be deny'd
His wretched life by whom *Cornelia* dy'd;
Rather new torments for my self I'le find,
And dying, beg the curse of all Mankind.
Mom. His sorrow do's his Royal Soul oppress, — *Momp. beckens away the Guard*
That 'tis no time, I find for my address.
Asc. Now he begins his passions to disclose,
And now, alas! I dare not interpose! —— *Aside.*
Ferd. For the Queens body let all search be made,
And when shes found, and I've appeas'd her shade,
Interre us in such decent state, ——
As may our Royal qualities become,
And lay us both together in one Tomb.
This kindness to thy care I recommend —— *To Asc.*
The last, thou e're shalt pay thy King and friend,
To stoop to *Charles* my spirit is too high,
Though if I ask'd it, he would not deny,
That friendly act; for I have found him brave,
And this is all the recompence I crave
Of him, or of the angry pow'rs above,
For my lost Crown, and unsuccesful love. *Ex. om*

ACT V.

{Enter Euphemia with a light, conducting Julia.}

Euph. OH Madam! Fly from hence, I've over heard
Your Sisters dark designs, and now a Guard
Of her own slaves, are coming here with speed,
To bring you to her hands, alive or dead.
Jul. Oh Heavens! What shall I do?
Euph. This, — This way fly, ——
I'le shew you where you may in safety lye,
And over-hear her talk aloud, and rave,
And vow to Heaven, what deep revenge she'l have. *Ex.*

Several

{*Several pass over the Stage, as in search of Julia:*
The Scene changes to Isabella's apartment, enter
Isabella followed by the same that past over the
Stage.}

Isab. How, fled? Then I'm betray'd, ——
Which on you Vilanes have this Treason wrought?
I'le have your blouds if she's not quickly brought, *They go out*
But, Heavens, I see! ——
All Vermin from a falling Palace run,
And love to sport in the warm rising *Sun.*
Though I to flatter fate have stoopt so low,
To seek *Trivultio's* aid and *Salerne's* too.
They now despi e me, ——
And I who was obey'd, ador'd by all,
Must helpless stand, and see my Temples fall.

{*Enter Trivultio in disguise.*}

Isab. Ha! — What creeping thing art thou? — *He discovers.*
Trivultio! — Dull leaden fellow! ——
Why hast thou tortur d me with thy long stay,
Ive been on tedious wracks with thy delay,
And wracks with less impatience I could bear,
Were thy Troops mine, bright day should now appear,
From the fir'd Town, which should in ashes lye,
E're the least beam of day salutes the Skie,
E're times least Atome *Charles* should be uncrownd!
His murder'd Guards in their own gore lye drown'd!
He at my feet, prostrate and bleeding lye,
Begging vain pity from my scornful eye,
His trembling spirit ready to depart,
Tears in his eyes, my Dagger in his heart.
Tri. I stay'd to prepare all things e're I came,
And to'entice *Salerne* here with hopes of fame,
And with much talk prevail'd with him to come,
And gave him Keys to the dark passage room.

And Vaults through Which I came. ——
Isab. What did you say
Prevail'd with him my orders to obey?
Tri. Yes Madam, for he now do's proudly own,
He values nought but glory and renown.
Isab. What, does he value glory more then me!
Or can there any higher Glory be
Then dying at my command?
Go, kill the slave, — Let him the glory loose,
Since he the ways of fame no better knows!
Tri. Yes, — when he's serv'd your interests let him dye;
But with his pride, we must a while comply,
Or rather with his fortune, since the Town
Rebels, and Bandits do his Inrerest own.
For on the news, ——
That the *French* Troops were on their march from hence,
Only some few, left for their Kings defence.
A Bandit came t'acquaint him.
That fifty Troops under *Vesuvius* lay,
Who might be here some hours e're break of day,
And if he pleas'd would all their fellows bring,
To murder the *French* Guards, and Crown him King,
Isab. To a slaves fortune must I humbly bowe,
What do's the pride of fate subject me too?
Tri. Madam he comes, — command your self awhile, *Enter Sal.*
And sooth his passion with a seeming smile.
Isab. Salerne! —Though thou hast long a Rebel been,
And all that's infamous, — Yet I have seen
In thy attempts, a mind so bold and brave,
That for thy courage some esteem I have!
Not that I'le flatter or delude thy fate;
For know thy birth I scorn, thy person hate:
But yet thy flaming spirit I esteem,
And would thy name from infamy redeem:
And therefore out of pity do design,
To honour thee with some commands of mine,
provided still thou do submissive prove,
And first repent thy bold ambitious love.

Sal.

Sal. Was it for this you did entice me here,
Only to let your insolence appear:
I thought Your soaring spirit was brought down,
T'express some sorrow for the pride you'd shown:
But now since this is all, —
Know I already do deserve your love, ——
And for esteem I not one step will move:
And your commands I least of all regard,
I serve my self, and will my self reward.

Isab. How! am I scorn'd? — Ho! kill the Traytor there,
Shall I contempt from a proud Rebel bear?

Sal. is offering to go out, and is stopped and disarmed by several that rush upon him from between the Scenes.

They proffer to kill him, and Trivultio interposes.

Tri. Hold, Hold I say, — Ah. Madam! what d'ye intend!
All our designs do on his Sword depend. *Aside to Isab.*

Isab. Did the whole Kingdom perish in his fall,
To my revenge I'de sacrifice it all.
Kill him, — Hold, — Do's he not shake
At sight of death, and the revenge I take.
There's something in his Soul for greatness form'd
Which will not by ignoble fear be storm'd.
Go live, — but dare not so presumptious be,
To think of dying for thy King or me.

Sal. Yes, thy unjust revenge shall be pursu'd,
In spight of thee, and thy ingratitude;
For I my noble passion still retain,
And still my firm unshaken self remain. *Exit.*

Isab. This fellow's brave ——.
Could fate th'impediments of birth remove,
A Crown might make his passage to my love.

Tri, So Madam, now we've this great Spirit won,
Our high designs are ended, e're begun.

Isab. Pursue him straight, and manage him with care,
And in the glory of my service share. —— *Tri. Exit.*
Now my impatient Soul is all on fire,
To know if fate will flatter my desire. —— *Enter Portia.*
Is the Magician whom I sent for come?

Por. Yes Madam, — all alone, — in a dark room,
Hung round with horrors, and the shades of night;
Which seems more horrid with the glimmering light
Of the pale Moon, which through a crevice shines,
Has sate this hour scoring o' mystick lines.
Winds, Lightnings, whispers, sad and mourful grones,
Soft voices melting into pleasant tones,
Fill'd his dark Cavern, whilst as Magick spell
Fetter'd my feet, and thrice into a swoun I fell.
And see he comes. —— *Enter Magician.*

Isab. Speak, speak thy news, —— 'tis I thou tell'st it to,
I, who defy the utmost fate can do;
For I am fixt as Heaven, whose high decree,
May change my fortune, but not conquer me.

Mag. Madam your doom I dare not yet relate,
Thick swarms of Spirits in Cabals are met,
To read your Stars, whose counsels you shall know,
When whispering winds do in my Caverne blow.
Now all is still and silent. ——

Isab. Quickly call
Thy drouzy spirits from their dark Cabal,
Whilst I their lazy constitutions wait,
I might kill Kings, and overturne the state.
Charles in his shadow to my view present,
And what shall be this direful days event.

Mag. I wish that shade you'd not desire to see,
I fear 'twill an unpleasing Vision be:
But since it is your pleasure I'le obey,
Then Madam in this Magick Circle stay.
Leave not the bounds in which you are confin'd,
And with firm courage fortifie your mind.

Portia goes out, and the Magician begins his charm.

Mag. Thou black familiar, who by firm compact,
Art at all seasons bound my will to act;
Whom I with fat of strangled infants feed,
And for thy thirst let my Veins freely bleed:
Whom I for thrice seven years by name have known,
And when as many more are past and gone,
Must lead my soul to that infernal Cell,
Where thou, and all thy fellow Spirits dwell.
Arise! — and in an airy Vision shew
What must befall this Prince, to whom
Our conquer'd state do's bowe.

There arises a Spirit, and immediately the Scene is drawn, and the supposed shapes of Charles and Julia are presented; Royally Habited, and seated on Chairs of State, at their feet several Masquers; and near the Chairs the Musick in White Robes, and Laurels on their Heads. A Chorus of Voices and loud Musick heard. The Dutchess seems much disturb'd at the Vision, and with a naked Ponyard moves towards the shapes, but is stopt by the Magician, whilst at the same time one of the Masquers touches her with a White Wand, at which she seems to fall into a slumber, and is plac'd on a Chair by the Magician: Then the Masquers rise and dance; after a dance the Spirit descends, and the Scene closes.

The Song of Spirits sung to *Isabella* as she sits asleep.

THey call! They call! What Voice is that?
A Lady in despair,
Whose Tears and Sorrows come too late,
Her losses to repair.
By too much Pride I've lost a Heart,
I languish to regain:
And yet I'de kill the man I love,
E're own my fond disdain.
Some gentle Spirit shew the fate
Of him I love, but feign would hate.

In

In vain! In vain! thou seek'st our aid,
Thy passion to remove;
For see, alas! The sad events
Of thy too Tragick Love.
See! See! The Crown thou dost disdain
Another brow must wear,
Then sigh and weep no more in vain,
But dye in deep despair.
May this be all proud Beauties fate,
Still to repent their pride too late.

When Kings like Gods descend to woe,
They must not be deny'd:
Nor may fond beauties damne themselves
To please a Moments pride.
Beauty was made by th' Pow'rs above,
Monarchs to entertain.
No greater duty is then love,
Nor sin then proud disdain.
Thou then who durst a King deny,
Hast from his sight, despair and die.

Mag. Her Soul's retir'd, —— I'le steal away,
And leave her wrapt in sleeps soft arms,
And e're the first approch of day,
End my unfinish'd charms. —— *Exit.*

The Mag. goes out, and immediately enters the Ghost of Young Galeazzo, Duke of Millane, with a Cup of Poyson in his hand. The Ghost passes over the Stage, at which Isabella starts and wakes, as in a fright.

Isab. Ha! What pale thing art thou? —— and whither fl'
Me thought I saw young murder'd *Millanes* shade
Walk by in mournful state, and as it went,
With a sad look expreſt its discontent.
In what dark shade has my lost spirits been,
Where in wild shapes I've death and horror seen.
But they are liars all, nor shall defeat
My injur'd Soul of a revenge so great.

The

{*The Ghost re-enters.*}

Isab. But ha! the ghastly shape appears again,
My frighted bloud retires from every vein;
I am congeal'd at this pale Scene of death,
And all my words are stifled in my breath.
Speak, —— What would'st have? —— Why dost appear to me?
Who never wrong'd thy bed or memory,
In one the least unkind, ungrateful thought;
But to revenge thy bloud all ways have sought;
And now have on this tyrant past a doom,
To be a Royal offering to thy Tomb.
Ghost. Cease thy fond thoughts, —— for higher things prepare,
Employ thy Soul in a more solemne care;
For thou, who bidst my memory adieu,
And dost thy vain revenge and love pursue,
Shalt shortly sleep with me in that cold bed,
Where I too early was by Treason laid,
And all my guiltless bloud reveng'd shall be;
But not by Traytors, Rebels, nor by thee.
Mean while (fond woman) thou dost vainly wait
On hells black arts, to know thy lovers fate,
What joys he'l have, what troubles undergo,
Do's not belong to *Isabel* to know.
Mind not his fate, thy own is drawing nigh,
Death hovers o're thy head, prepare to dye.
Farewell awhile, —— when thy last hour is come,
I'le give thee one more summons to thy Tomb.

{*The Ghost goes out, and after some pause she seems to re-collect her Spirits from their disorder.*}

Isab. Ha! what curs'd fiend art thou,
That dost the shape of my dead Lord assume,
T'accuse me wrongfully, and speak my doom.
I de not have shakt at any other form, ——
And now I find I must expect a storm.

A dark

A dark and heavy storm, Heaven will deny
Success to my designs, and I must dye. —— *Weeps.*
But since my doom I now have understood,
Naaples shall weep my fate in tears of blood;
Fire, Blood, and slaughter, more then I can tell,
Shall be the dying pangs of *Isabel.*
My stormy life shall yet in glory end.
And *Charles*, and *Julia* shall my fate attend.
No pining Ghost shall leave his gloomy bed,
To charge me with injustice to the dead;
No *Millane*, ——
Grutch not the love thy widdow to him bears;
For it shall cost him all the Crowns he wears. —— *Exit.*

{*Enter Portia.*}

Por. Oh, Heavens! to what a height her rage is flown,
The world for her revenge must be undone. —— *Exit.*

{*Enter Julia, Euphemia.*}

Jul. Horrid! Art sure.
Euph. Why did you nothing hear.
Jul. Alas! thou saw'st I often swound with fear.
Euph. I heard it all, — and horrid noises too,
That fill'd my ears, and round like whirlwinds flew:
Then softly pin'd away; — that I'm afraid
They call'd up Troops of Devils to their aid.
Jul. Oh Heavens which way shall I this Monarch save;
For oh! I never shall the courage have
To tell it him and yet one hours delay
Would ruine him, and all our lives betray:
But heark, I hear a noise i'th Gallery, *A noise of trampling within.*
I think the King s abroad. *Euph. runs and peeps.*
Euph. Madam, tis he, ——
Jul. Oh Heavens! What shall I do! I faint! — I dye!
Which way shall I from my own blushes fly,

Which

Which if I see him will disloyal prove,
And by a thousand signs betray my love:
But 'tis too late, —— his danger I'le impart,
And leave to th' mercy'f Heav'n my fainting heart.

She walks to one side of the Stage, whilst Charles, Momp. and train enter.

Ch. In her apartment various noises heard.
Momp. Yes, and two seen suspected by the Guard,
To be the Rebels Chiefs. ——
Ch. And not detain'd?
Momp. The Guards, Sir, from all violence refrain'd,
Whilst they in th' Dutchesses apartment staid;
And Sir, in that your own commands obey'd,
But waiting for 'um till approch of day,
By private avenues they scapt away.
Ch. The danger is not worthy my regard,
Nor shall th'afflicted Lady be debar'd
From any pleasure, her unquiet mind
In little plots, for her revenge can find.
Momp. —— The Princess —— *Julia* —— Sir ——
Ch. Ha, th'ast awakened my late kindled flame,
I owe devotion to that sacred name; ——
And see this way all her approches are,
As if I should for an address prepare.
What fair and blest occasion should it be,
That drives her hither, and obliges me?
Jul. Great Sir, the Sister of King *Ferdinand*,
Lately preserv'd by your victorious hand,
Having this morning heard a fatal doom
Past on your life, do's now with blushes come,
Thus early Sir, the Treason to prevent,
And pay your Sword her just acknowledgement.
Ch. Madam. ——
Jul. Nay, hast Sir hence; ——
For Traytors have against your life combin'd,
Which for my brothers valour is design'd,

And do presume t'abuse his sacred name,
To countenance the Treason we disclaim;
And though, as right permits, we'l not refuse,
In our own safety and just cause to use
All generous ways our low estate affords,
We would not have you dye by common Swords.
Ch. What is't I hear, do my kind Stars take care
To save my life and Crown by one so fair?
Nay, and by her, whose beauty I have seen,
With so much rapture that my Soul has been,
In high displeasures with my treach'rous fate,
That by success betray'd me to her hate:
But now my fortune in her own defence,
T'appease my Soul, and make me recompence,
That all her guilty smiles I might forgive,
Finds ways by your commands to make me live.
Ful. Oh Heavens! I find my honour I've betray'd,
I fear'd such ill requitals would be made:
And therefore long did with my self contend,
To let you dye; but honour was your friend.
And now your friend, which would so formal be,
To repay favours to an enemy;
And 'gainst a thousand blushes forc'd me on,
Must suffer for the folly it has done. *And puts her Handkerchief before her eyes.*
Ch. Ah Madam! these resentments are severe,
Must I in all a criminal appear?
I but in humble words express the sence
Of a Soul, wrapt in love and penitence,
Griev'd for past guilt, which it would fain remove,
Oppress by favours, and inflam'd by love.
Ful. Oh Heavens! I feel within delightful pains —— *Aside.*
Of joy and love, that shoot through all my Veins:
But I new sorrows for my heart prepare,
And lead my self into a pleasing snare.
Sir, I perceive you ill constuctions make
Of what I've done, only for honours sake;
But there's a pride peculiar to our bloud,
(Who ne're till now misfortunes understood)

That

That when we wrongs or kindnesses receive,
We revenge both, and never can forgive.
And now in that revenge
My injur'd honour was content to bleed:
But now we are from all obligements freed. *Exit.*
Ch. She's gone displeas'd, —— but has such honour shewn,
And something so like love,
That now my vanquisht heart's entirely won.

An alarm within.

Herk! the storm's begun,
Hast! Hast! and guard her to some safe retreat, *To Memp.*
Lest unexpected danger she should meet;
For all th' esteem and value I did bear
To Crowns or fame, is wholly plac'd on her. *Ex.*

Enter Ferdinand alone.

Ferd. Oh, my *Cornelia*! how do's thy fair shade,
Each corner of my restless thoughts invade.
Methinks I see her from her floating Grave,
Sighing with grief, and pointing to the wave,
That do's the treasure of her body hide;
And in whose cold and watry arms she dy'd,
Then with kind looks she beckens me away,
Chiding my soul for its too tedious stay.
And Heavens! ——
Why do I stay, when fortune do's remove
All I esteem, my Glory, Crown, and love:
And which encreases my impatience more,
By *Charles*'s gallantry I'm triumph'd o're;
Who gives me freedom, but to make me wear
Those hated Chains no Royal mind can bear.

Soft Musick within.

Ferd. Ha! would they flatter my imperious grief,
These fond diversions give but small relief.

Asc. Ah Sir! for Heavens sake. —— *Enter Ascanio in haste.*

Ferd. What hast thou seen?

Asc. An airy fantome, or the *Cyprian* Queen.
Listening to find whence these soft airs should come,
I chanc'd to look in an adjoyning room,
And saw two shapes lean on a silken bed,
They seem'd too fair, and lively for the dead;
And if in some transport I have not been,
They are *Irene* and the *Cyprian* Queen.

Ferd. Thou dream'st, ——
Or else their disturb'd spirits wander here,
To pursue me their guilty murderer. *Ferd. and Asc. go out.*

The Scene is drawn, and Cornelia, and Irene are presented asleep upon a Couch, and at their feet Sylvia. The King and Ascanio enter.

Ferd. What is't I see, I dye with high surprize,
Some fair enchantment do's delude my eyes,
And in a Vision do's my Queen restore,
In all the beams her living beauty wore!

Asc. Surely they live, or else the waves and wind
Has all their beauties faithfully resign'd.

Ferd. The lovely Vision strikes a Sacred awe
Into my Soul, —— Let's near the Altar draw,
Where the fare shape enshrin'd in beauty lyes,
Lest it too quickly vanish from our eyes.

Ferd. and Asc. go to the Couch, and kneeling kiss the Hands of Cor. and Iren.

Ferd. She gently breaths! her hand is soft and warm,
This cannot be some fair deceitful charm!
With all the devout rev'rence which we pry
Into some grear and sacred Mystery.
I'le draw the Scene, which from my longing sight,
Vainly conceals a Mystery so bright.
Wake, my ador'd *Cornelia*, wake and see
Impatient *Ferdinand* upon his knee,

Watching

Watching to see thy eyes their light display,
Like devout *Persians* for the dawning day. *Cor. and Iren. wake.*
Cor. Where am I now, ! —— Bless me the powers divine.
What voice is that that calls!
Ferd. Fair Queen, 'tis mine,
Cor. The King!
Ferd. Your poor adorer, — one that dyes
With the high rapture of excessive joys:
What kind power sent you here on Angels wings,
To bless the world, and save the lives of Kings?
Cor. That gentle power of pity which we find,
Sways in the Empire of each gen'rous mind.
I was inform'd, you did my death bemone,
And now you've lost both freedom, and a Throne.
I thought 'twas cruelty,
To let a meer delusion ask a share
Of tears, when real grief had none to spare.
Ferd. Oh! What a melting joy o're flows my breast,
Like drooping flowers with morning Dew oppress!
But Heavens! How did you scape the fatal day?
Cor. We in another Galley got away
To the next shore, — where in a Grove we stay'd
Till fields and plains were gloomy as the shade;
Then all in darkness, solitude and fear,
We wander'd on the shore we knew not where:
Still trembling at each little noise we heard,
Til near the morn we met some of the Guard,
Of whom I beg'd safe conduct to the Town!
And though they knew me not, yet I must own,
They shew'd me all the due respect became
My sexes honour, and their Nations fame,
And brought me here, —— where I decreed to stay
For some few hours, and sail by break of day,
When by a message from me you had known
That all was well, and I in safety gone.
Ferd. Ah! will you shew me Heaven in all its light,
And then for ever close it from my sight.

Cor. Alas! Sir you attempt a vain design,
Only to wed your miseries to mine.
Suppose I should so kind and yielding prove,
Only t'oblige your importuning love?
W'are of our Crowns bereft, where should we flye,
In what dark Cave should we obscurely die?
Ferd. Madam, forgive me that without a Throne,
My bold pretences I still dare to own:
But if th'ador'd *Cornelia* lov'd like me,
A Cell or Grotto would a Kingdom be.
Asc. Now my *Irene* we are blest again,
The joys through so much danger we obtain,
Let us preserve,
As one would the rich treasure, which he saves
By unexpected aid, from Rocks and Waves.
Iren. You know my heart is yours, but we must wait
Our Princes fortunes, and th' events of fate. *An alarm.*
Ferd. Whence is this?
Asc. There's some contention grown
I fear, 'twixt the *French* Army and the Town.
But see the Princess. *Enter Julia with a Guard.*
Jul. Ah, Royal Brother as e're ——
For being great and good you'd honour'd be,
Go save the life of your brave enemy:
Who midst slain Guards, do's now forsaken stand.
Whilst barb'rous Traytors do his life demand;
And using your great name for their pretence,
Do act their Treasons with high insolence:
This from the Palace eastern Towre I've seen,
Where by his Guards I have protected been.
Ferd. This is bold *Salerne*, and my Sister too,
Her fond revenge and malice to pursue.
Jul. My Sister is too faulty in't I fear:
But be not, Sir, too much displeas'd with her,
You know whence her high passion do's arise,
Spare her, and her bold followers chastise.
Ferd. I go, —— with passion Madam I implore, *To Cor.*
You will not leave us in this fatal hour;

Nor

Nor take away the aid your presence brings,
As sent from Heaven in the support of Kings.
Cor. Sir 'tis so generous ——
To save your Royal foe in his distress,
That in that cause I wish you all success.
Ferd. Sir, I commit the Ladies to your Guard, *To one of the Guard.*
Your Loyal service shall not want reward. *Ex. Ferd. and Asc.*

As the Guard is conducting out the Ladies, they are met by Mompensier, who enters in hast.

Momp. Hold? Hold? The Ladies must not move from hence,
This place alone is left for their defence;
The enrag'd Dutchess strives to seize the Towre,
And w're too few to guard it from her power.
What more is done I could not understand;
But to an Officer I gave command, *Enter an Officer.*
To bring the news, and see he's here. —— *The news*
Off. All's well, — King *Ferdinands*'s leap'd into the throng,
And like a god drives all the crowd along.
The Dutchess has receiv'd a wound in fight,
And to the *Domo* ta'ne a speedy flight.
Momp. Blest news! I'le on the Battlements and see,
The valiant Kings pursue their victory.
But see another comes in hast. *Enter another Messenger.*
2. *Off.* Undone, undone!
With all your Guards to th' Kings assistance run,
The Town is all with Troops of Bandits fill'd,
Lead by a Traytor, to whom all parties yield,
And the mock title of a King do's bear,
And with success pursues us every where.
Cor. Oh Heavens! *Cor. Ful. seem to faint, and are suported by their women.*

Momp. runs out as to the Kings assistance, enter Ferdinand with a Guard, chasing Salerne.

Sul. Oh curse! and is my glory thus betray'd?
Ferd. Help, help the King, I do not need your aid, *The Guard goes off.*
Salerne.

Salerne I've chas'd thee from thy traitrous herd,
Not t'have thee cut in pieces by the Guard;
But to appease my own revenge and hate,
And give thy valour a more glorious fate.
Sal Thou'rt brave, I wish thou hadst not sent 'um back;
For now I shall be for'ed thy life to take.

They fight, the Ladies shriek, and run to the side of the Stage, Salerne is disarmed and wounded.

Ferd. Now *Salerne*, ask thy life, and on thy knees
Humbly beg pardon for thy vilanies.
Sal. And dost thou this insulting temper shew,
My life's not in thy power to bestow.
My enrag'd Soul is leaving its abode;
But if it were not, and thou wert a god,
And for submissions wouldst whole Kingdoms give
To gain thy Godhead, I'de not ask to live.
Go back, and scramble for thy fallen Crown,
which from the trembling tree my arm shook down,
And which I fought now to bestow on thee,
That crown'd, thou might'st a glorious victim be:
For yet my fathers Tomb no Trophy wears,
His bloud has only had thy fathers tears:
But fate would to my cause no aid afford;
But rather basely thrust me on thy Sword;
Which high dishonour e're I'le tamely bear, *Tears his wounds,*
Thus, thus a passage for my Soul I'le tear. *and dyes.*
Ferd. Has torn his wounds, and now the gushing bloud,
Breaks from its sluces like a swelling floud:
I pity his misfortunes, since I see
He was mislead by too much bravary:
But see they still press on, the Guards retire,
Command 'um from the Battlements to fire. *To the Guards within.*

Enter Charles, Ascanio, Mompensier.

Ch. Conveigh to the Fleet the Ladies, and their Train,
For fear the Rebels should the Palace gain. *Asc.*

Asc. The Traytours Sir, have seiz'd the Postern gate,
And all the Barges there, 'tis now too late.
Ch. Ha! am I then decreed a fate so low,
My glories must at last to Rebels bowe.
Ferd. Ye Pow'rs! what proud ambitious Traytor's this,
That chases Monarchs with so high success?
Asc. They come. ——

An alarm within, and they all stand upon their guard.
Enter Alphonso followed by several with drawn Swords

Alph. Enough, retreat without delay, *The Guards retreat*
He dies that once refuses to obey.
Ferd. Hh! 'tis my father, or a thing that bears
That Royal shape. —— *Ferd. and Ful. kneel to Alph.*
Alph. 'Tis I remove your fears,
I find amazement sits on every brow
To see me here: ——
But that will cease when, I acquaint you how
A sudden Tempest cast me on the Shore,
Where I scarce sav'd, fell in these Bandits power!
Who struck with grief their banisht King to see,
Seem'd to repent their past disloyalty,
Told me the state of the distracted Town,
And proffer'd me their Swords to gain my Crown;
I fearing ill events, if I deny'd
Their proffer'd kindness, with the slaves comply'd.
But here — revenge and rapine was so sweet,
The Villains ran confus'd in every Street,
Where they could ravish, kill, or booty gain,
Nor could my power their savage rage restrain.
For th' ills they've done, Sir I your pardon crave; *Turns to Charls.*
For I declare, I no intentions have
To seize the Kingdom, or your glory cloud;
But for that friendship which fame speaks so loud,
You to my Son in his distress have shewn,
I come my high acknowledgments to own.
Proud, if this way I can so happy be,
To oblige, and serve so brave an enemy;

And now resign the Crown, which is your due,
And do become a Prisoner Sir to you.
Ch. Heavens! I'm amaz'd at his high gallantry, *Aside.*
I've sought his Crown, and he obliges me;
I see there do's the same high courage run,
In all the haughty blood of *Arragon.*
Sir, I confess the Kingdom is my right;
But you've subdued me with so great a height
Of honour, as my courage scarce endures;
And now I find ——
I came not here to raise my fame, but yours,
But Sir, I'le be so just to your renown,
That as your gift, I will accept this Crown:
But since for honour, not for Crowns I came,
I also must be just to my own fame,
And must return you Sir that Kingdom back,
Which only to oblige I stoop to take;
And that your honour may have safe retreat,
I'le beg a gift more generous and great
Then that of Kingdoms, this fair Princes love, *To Julia.*
Whose beauty will reward me far above
The highest flights of honour I have shewn,
And I have sought no Interest but my own.
Alph. By this high honour you oblige us more.
But Sir, since you who are our Conquerour,
What's our advantage, make your own request;
Thus gladly Sir I end the high contest. *Gives him Julia.*
Ch. With out your love the gift's imperfect still. *To Jul.*
Jul. Sir, I obey my Royal fathers will.
Ch. Madam, I do not doubt your dutious mind,
But shall I only cold submission find?
Jul. He'l force my heart a secret to infold, *Aside.*
I fear my blushes have already told,
At present Sir you must no more obtain
Then this that duty shall my heart explain.
Alph. Madam, I beg you will complete our Joy, *To Cornelia.*
That want of Crowns may not out hopes destroy;
Once more to exile I will gladly go,
And on my Son my Kingdom will bestow. And

And shall be happy in some safe retreat,
To sit and view felicity so great.
Ferd. Madam, some pity to a heart allow, *Kneels to Cor.*
which never came in view of hope till now;
And now it sees some little glimpse of day,
Grows much impatient with the least delay.
Cor. The Memory Sir, which to the dead I owe, *Raises Ferd.*
And my own honour too must make me slow
In granting these requests, but yet I find
A secret fate o're powers my yielding mind,
And I but struggle with a high decree,
Which ir as wilful as my heart can be.
Asc. And now my fair *Irene*, shall not we
Add to this joyful days felicity?
Shall we not land, whilst this fair gale do's blow?
Iren. Why should you ask, what you already know?
But my suspitions now I find too true,
You love to triumph where you can subdue.
Ferd. Now Sir, to shew I've your comands obey'd, *To Alph.*
See the revenge to your wrong'd fame I've paid. *Shews Sal. dead*
Alph. Ha! *Salerne* dead, I pity the bold slave; ——
For had his Soul been Loyal as 'twas brave,
He had deserv'd my favour; ——
But where's the treacherous *Trivultio*?
Asc. Slain, ——
His head does on the Eastern Towre remain,
Where to Rebellion he incites no more,
But frights the Traytours he seduc'd before.
Alph. Treasons just fate, — but you forget to tell
How fares my unhappy Daughter *Isabel*, —— *Enter a Gentleman.*
Gent. The Dutchess Sir? ——
Bleeding and faint is from the *Domo* lead,
Where she to th' Alter was for refuge fled.
Alph. Bleeding! ——
Gent. Some base unmanly Sword has plac'd,
Too deep and dangerous wounds in her fair breast,
From whence her life flows unregarded by,
Not gaining the least pity from her eye;
And now of your arrival Sir she hears,
Life with impatience for a while she bears.

And she is brought along with bleeding wounds,
By gentle steps, and at each step she swouns.

The Dutchess enters led between two Ladies, — bleeding.

Isab. Sir, I come here to take my last adieu — *To Alph.*
Of all my glory in this world, and you,
For any ills I in my life have done
I beg your pardon, — though I know of none;
For to my glory you so just must be,
To own I've honour'd our great family,
And liv'd in fame, though the small Crown I wore,
My brows with blushes and impatience bore;
And now I walk in grandeur to my Tomb,
By such a death as does my bloud become;
Though dying Sir I generously own,
I sought not to restore your vanquisht Crown,
So much as for revenge on that false Prince, — *To Charles*
Whose base inconstancy and insolence,
To punish deeply I to Arms did flye;
Yet (oh my fate!) now unreveng'd I dye. — *Faints.*
Ch. Ah! Madam! — why. —
Isab. Take hence thy hated sight,
Thou stop'st my Soul in its Eternal flight.
Oh I am going, — Ha, what is't I see! — *Enter Galeazzo's Ghost*
My murder'd Lord again to visit me.
Alph. What is't she sees?
Isab. I come! I come! poor shade!
Alph. Alas! She raves, her reason is mislaid,
What wouldst thou have, oh speak thy last commands?
Isab. See you not *Millanes* Ghost! there! there he stands!
Father revenge his bloud, and let not slaves
Their glories build, on murder'd Princes Graves, — *She dyes and the*
Ch. Madam for honours sake, and for your own, — *Ghost goes off.*
Your Lords revenge shall be my work alone;
But ha! she hears me not, and seems to dye,
Displeas'd and pain'd, whilst one she hates stands by.

Alph.

Alph. She aim'd at glory, which her fate denyes,
And now enrag'd at fortunes hate, she dyes.
Ch. Now Royal friend, let us embrace at last, *To Ferd.*
And bury thus all wrongs and quarels past;
That vow which me into this war betray'd,
Shall vanish in the fleeting breath 'twas made:
If to the dead this an offence will be,
I rather will offend the dead then thee.
But sure revenge and bloud can never prove
Things more divine then valour, friendship, love.
Ferd. Brave *Charles* thy sentiments are so sublime,
That nothing thou canst do can be a crime;
If such high virtue an offence can be,
I'le my Religion change and worship thee.
Alph. Heavens! so my Soul 'tis a transporting sight,
To see our hearts and families unite.
Now let us all to some repose betake,
And joy in decency a while forsake:
Till solemn rites we for the dead prepare,
The dead must now be our succeeding care;
And when those sad solemnities are done,
You may compleat the joys you have begun.
Thus humane life do's various forms display,
And grief and joy succeed like night and day.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

With how much patience have you heard to day
The whining noise of a dull Rhiming Play?
This obstinate incorrigible Rhime,
Though lasht by all the Criticks of the time;
Our dullest writers can no more forbear,
Then your ill faces Vizard Masks to wear,
Yet you appear'd so grave and so devout,
You neither hist nor stamp to put us out,
A thing our Criticks would no more ha' done,
Then to a dull Phanatick meeting gone;
And there amongst a serious whining Throng,
Stay'd out a holding forth of nine hours long.
As for the Play our Author will not dare,
Like you good men of Trade to praise his Ware:
But unskill'd Customers he may advise;
Then Sirs, since on your verdict it relies,
Resolve to save the Play before you go,
For fear it should be good for ought you know.
How 'ere it makes Heroick Virtue shine
In Royal Breasts, where it shews most Divine.
And so does Kings and Monarchy advance,
Nay guarded with the names of Charles *and* France,
Names that now shake the world, sure you'l not dare
To damn a Play, where these united are;

Le

Epilogue.

Let it be ne're ſo bad, who dares arreſt
The meaneſt ſlave, that wears the Royal Creſt?
Joyn not with ſmall Caballs of wit, that pry,
How they may damn the Play, and no one ſpye;
Being much aſhamed in theſe tame Wars t'appear,
when their high mettle may be ſhewn elſewhere.
Now they'r divided let's have aid from you,
Them and their factious party to ſubdue;
Then e're the Parliament of Wits that ſate,
And govern'd here like a proud petty State,
Return from Sea in a triumphant rage,
We'l get a full poſſeſſion of the Stage;
Mean while our Poet with your Forces joyn'd,
May damn the Rump of Wits that ſtay behind.

FINIS.